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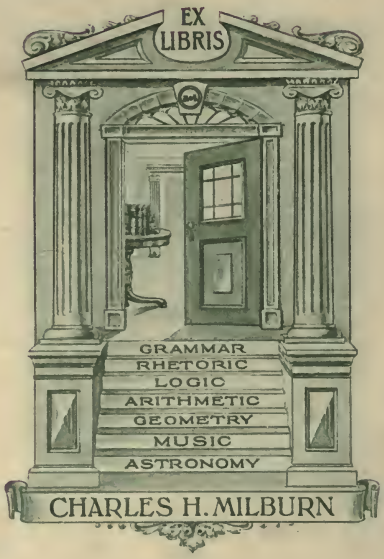
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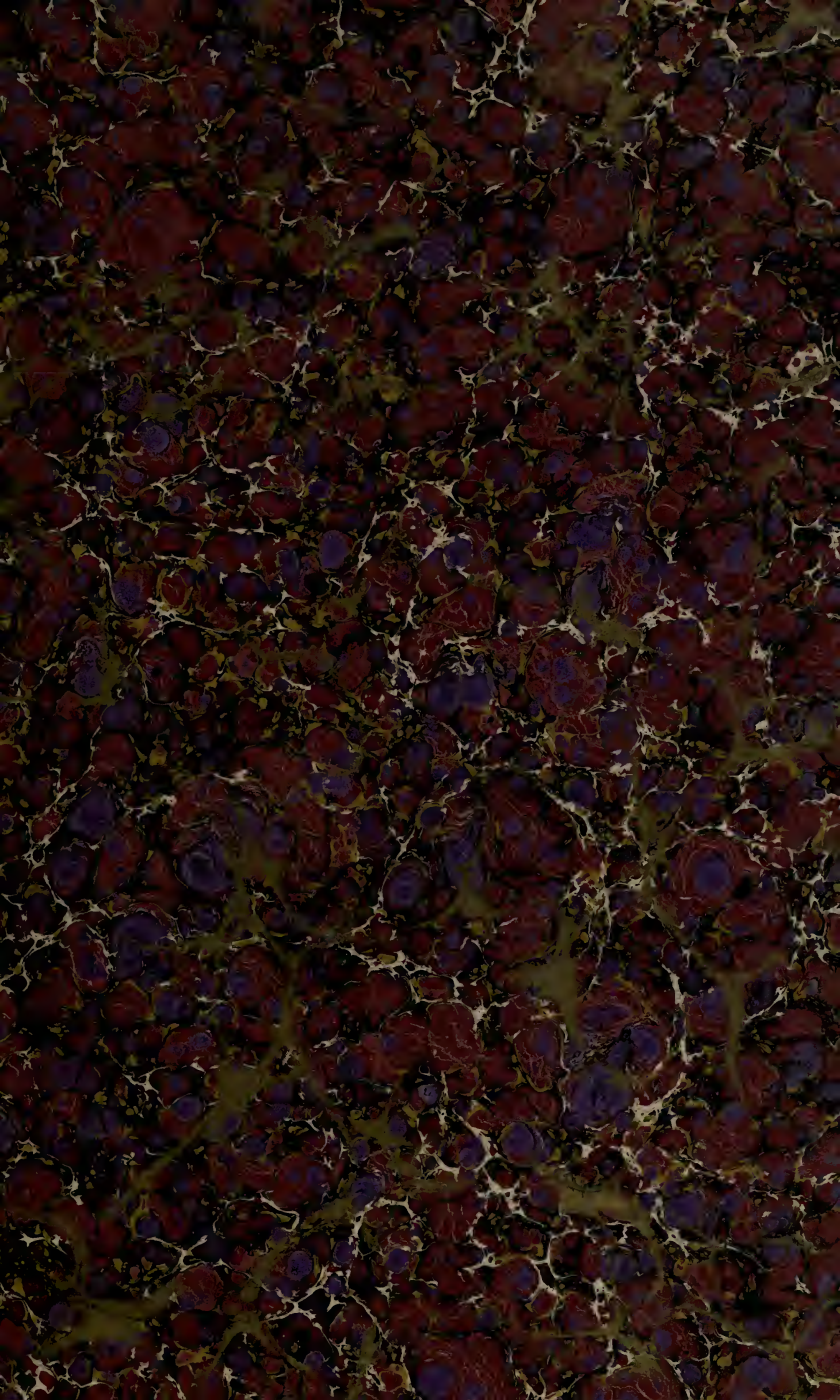

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THE

TRIBUTE:

A COLLECTION OF

MISCELLANEOUS UNPUBLISHED POEMS,

BY

Various Authors.

EDITED BY LORD NORTHAMPTON.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET;
AND
HENRY LINDSELL, WIMPOLE STREET.

MDCCCXXXVII.

LONDON:
C. ROWORTH AND SONS, BELL YARD, TEMPLE BAR.

PREFACE.

The Editor of the Tribute, in submitting the following collection of poetry to his readers, thinks it necessary to preface it by a short statement of the circumstances under which it has been prepared for publication.

This work was projected as early as Spring, 1836, while the late Reverend Edward Smedley was still living, and its original object was to spare him the necessity for those arduous literary labours which at that time threatened his sight or his life. His hearing he had already lost, and a disorder in his eyes was to all appearance sapping a sense still more precious. Before many weeks

had elapsed, these anticipations proved too well founded, and death relieved him from his sufferings, and deprived his family of an affectionate husband and father. For *them* the project was continued, but as it depended on the co-operation of many, and might therefore very possibly come to nothing, the Editor did not think it right to inform those for whose benefit it was intended, till it was so far advanced that at least it was not likely to fail from a deficiency in literary contributions. When this communication was at last about to be made, the Editor found that Mrs. Smedley was herself going to publish, also by subscription, a Volume of Poems by her late husband, with a memoir of his life. Had this been known sooner, the Editor would certainly never have undertaken the present work. He rejoices, however, that he did not know it: as whatever may be the pecuniary result of this publication, he is sure that it must be gratifying to the feelings

of Mrs. Smedley's friends to see this proof of the respect in which he was held.

The Editor regrets that his task has not fallen into the hands of some one more competent to its discharge: this feeling makes him the more anxious to express his acknowledgments to those without whose aid his undertaking could not have been completed. To several friends he has to give especial thanks for procuring for him the contributions of others, whose acquaintance he had not the pleasure of possessing. In this respect his gratitude is more particularly due to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was indeed his *confederate* in the scheme from the first: and also to Mr. Milnes, Mr. Strong, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Bernard Barton.

In the first Prospectus of the present Collection, there appeared the name of a gentleman

who has unfortunately been prevented by illness in his family, from contributing any of his beautiful poetry. This circumstance the Editor deeply regrets; but he has the satisfaction of laying before his readers contributions from five gentlemen and two ladies, who were not named in the same prospectus.

August, 1837.

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ERRATA.

Page 6, line 11, *for* " doomed," *read* " doomèd."
Pages 22, 238, 265, *for* " BY A. J. DE VERE, ESQ. *read* " A. *T.* DE VERE, ESQ."
Page 27, last line, *after* " vain" *insert* a comma.
32, line 1, *for* " morning," *read* " Morning."
38, 15, *for* " Now," *read* " Nor."
146, 10, *for* " islands," *read* " island's."
153, 12, *for* " Gives," *read* " Give."
160, 5, *for* " Jove sent," *read* " Jove-sent."
161, 16, *for* " Sweet, slumbering Majesty," *read* " Sweet slumbering Majesty,"
164, 18, *for* " wizen," *read* " wizen'd."
166, 19, *for* " esconce," *read* " ensconce."
167, 3, *for* " wiskered," *read* " whiskered."
168, 2, *for* " longed for," *read* " longed-for."
169, 4, *for* " at the dewy Morn," *read* " at dewy Morn."
Pages 170 and 198, *for* " By *MISS* POPPLE," *read* " MISS *M.* POPPLE."
Page 181, line 10, *for* " autumns," *read* " Autumn's."
192, 8, *add* a comma at the end of the line.
——, last line, *for* " hand," *read* " hand.)"
196, line 18, *for* " palid," *read* " pallid."
206, 15, *for* " me," *read* " we."
214, 11, *after* " found," *omit* the comma.
215, 15, *after* " gates," *omit* the comma.
260, 8, " And old-school Proctors." At the end of this line there should be a comma only, and no break after it, the paragraph being continued.
298, 10, *for* " gleam," *read* " glean."
299, 4, *for* " lesson," *read* " lessons."
311, 14, *for* " ill cherisht" *read* " ill-cherisht."
318, 18, *for* " fame," *read* " fane."
356, 14, *for* " guest," *read* " quest."
360, 2, *for* " waves's," *read* " waves.' "
386, 6, *for* " the silence," *read* " the solemn silence."

OUR TITLE.*

BY BERNARD BARTON, Esq.

A Tribute—to the parted Dead!
Whose pilgrimage below,
By many a shadowy cloud o'erspread,
Had much of care and woe.

A Tribute—to the Muses' Light!
Lov'd with a Poet's love;
Which made, at seasons, Sorrow bright
By sunshine from above.

* The Editor in his own name as well as that of the other contributors, begs to tender their thanks to Mr. Bernard Barton for his verses, justifying the title of this volume.

2.

A Tribute—to that steadier ray
Of Gospel Truth and Power
Which cheer'd *the Christian Pastor's* way
And sooth'd his saddest hour.

A Tribute—to the Mourners left!
Who, while they feel the rod,
Bow in submission, though bereft,
And put their trust in God.

Lastly, a *Tribute*—to the worth
Of Christian Charity!
Whose recompense is peace on Earth,
Whose record is—on high!

Such is our Volume—such it's aim;
Reader! perform thy part;
So shall our pages haply claim
Their Tribute from thy heart!

STANZAS

BY W. WORDSWORTH, Esq.

THE moon that sails along the sky
Moves with a happy destiny,
Oft is she hid from mortal eye
Or dimly seen;
But when the clouds asunder fly,
How bright her mien!

Not flagging when the winds all sleep,
Not hurried onward, when they sweep
The bosom of th' æthereal deep,
Not turned aside,
She knows an even course to keep,
Whate'er betide.

Perverse are we—a froward race;
Thousands, though rich in fortune's grace,
With cherished sullenness of pace
Their way pursue,
Ingrates, who wear a smile-less face
The whole year through.

If kindred humour e'er should make
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,
From Fancy following in thy wake,
Bright Ship of Heaven,
A counter-impulse let me take
And be forgiven.

VERSES,

SUGGESTED BY A PASSAGE IN HERODOTUS, viii. 66.

BY G. V. VENABLES, Esq.

Two exiles on the desolated plain
Of Thria stood in thought, breathing the air,
Their native air of Hellas, exiles still.
Banish'd eternally from sacred feasts,
And kindred rites, and solemn offices
Held in old temples of ancestral Gods,
And from their fathers' graves. One was a chief
Spare-formed and scornful-eyed, in other days
King in great Lacedæmon,—follower now
Of the fierce Mede. He, turning to his friend,
Whose dark locks with cicalas gold-inwrought
Told his high Attic race indigenous,
Broke through the silence. " Thou hast seen the land
" Shadowed with desolation. Proudly clad

" In purple robes of rich prosperity
" It spurned thee forth, to welcome thy return
" In melancholy garb, lonely and bare,
" Treeless and herbless, without sound of life.
" It is enough. Well hath the Persian,
" Who is the thunderbolt of our revenge,
" Done his foul work of murder. Is thy soul
" Glad, oh Dicæus? Is thy vengeance full?—
" I too rejoice; upon the fallen land
" Of Pallas joying, but with inward eye
" Full fixed on doomed Sparta, trusting not
" To curses darkly breathed, or Nemesis,
" Or the unnamèd Virgins: but to train
" Of subtlest wiles, sprung from slow-climbing hate
" Cherished in silent watches of the night,
" And to the will of Man." Mournfully then
Answered the calm Athenian. " Oh friend,
" By equal wretchedness in equal love
" Joined to my heart, look on the purple slope
" Of yon white-billowed sea, how like a hill
" Crested with flocks it shows.—Such is desire
" Seen dimly; so thou lookest from afar

" On the event of fortune. I have reached
" The shore which bounds the waters, and I know
" That sooner shall Man walk the rolling wave,
" Or gather food from the unfruitful deep,
" Than find the full accomplishment of hope.
" Through many toils we struggle, till the goal
" Opens before us, and we grasp in the end
" That which our wishes knew not. Not for this
" Prayed I or laboured, pouring venomed words
" Into the greedy ears of the Great King,
" Pride-swoln in his Memnonian capital:
" But musing on Athenian foes, I seemed
" To think of Athens. Therefore looked I on
" While Asia gathered, as some wizard seer,
" When the storm-laden wind from Hellespont
" Answers his master-call. Now I behold
" Only my birth-place, once so beautiful,
" By me forlorn of beauty. No fair flower
" Welcomes the wandering bee Hymettian
" Weary at noon: no polish'd ivy-leaf
" Rustles in old Colonus, underpropped
" By plumage of clear-warbling nightingales,

" Rising and falling with their joyous songs.
" Mine is the violation. Mine should be
" Atonement: but repentant tears are shed
" Vainly, and Destiny is unremoved.
" Henceforth like a war-wearied conqueror
" Casting aside his bloody sword at eve,
" I stand apart. With the barbarian
" Let the Gods work their pleasure."—" Yes," replied
The kingly Dorian, " if Gods there be,
" Or being, look on us; let Sparta fall—
" Then were I well contented: of the King
" Deeming, and of his gorgeous ornament,
" As of a stone set rolling by a child
" To crush it knows not what."—With lips comprest
And low firm accents deeply drawn he spoke,
As one who sternly bows a struggling heart
To his unyielding purpose. So they stood
In mournful thought. But when the larger Sun
Low hanging in the chambers of the West
Tinged the green hills with fire, a distant cloud
Shadowed the clear horizon, dim at first,
And doubtful if on earth or upper air,

Till in near view a mighty orb of dust
Rolled from Eleusis on the sacred way
Eastward to Athens.—All instinct it seemed
With multitudinous life: for fitfully
Large wreaths shot out, and torches dully gleamed
Half-hidden in the many-folded veil,
But none might pierce the darkness. Sternly gazed
The proud Lacedæmonian, too proud
For fear, but not for wonder. By his side,
As one who borne in sleep from a far land
Wakes in his home and muses doubtfully
Whether his dream be past, Dicæus stood.
His eye was fixed, his lips were moving fast
Although no sound was there,—sometimes the blood
Forth bursting with the eager flush of joy
Purpled his cheek, sometimes in sudden doubt
Left it like marble. Once he pressed his hand
Over his aching brow, and with closed eye
Strove to shut out the vision; but again
He looked, and nearer rolled that orbèd cloud
Pregnant with hidden wonders, and it seemed
That many moved therein; and choral sounds

Rang loudly out, swelling with names of Gods,
" Demeter and Persephone, and lord
" Of mystic dance to the fire-breathing stars,
" Great Dionysus."—In the gathering din
The voice was swallowed up: but it had been
To the Athenian like the blush of dawn
Falling on that Egyptian statue old
Which answered light with music. All the doubts
And musings of his silence were no more,
As in the calm of certainty he spoke.
" We stand upon a bare and desert soil,
" And lo, the press of multitudes. Thine eye
" Asketh and I will answer. Mark me well,
" Oh Demaratus, surely there are Gods,
" Whereof but now thou doubtedst—mighty Gods,
" In many sounds, by many messengers
" Uttering the mandates of their lordly will:
" Sometimes by the low whispering forest oak,
" Sometimes by lightning, thunder-heralded,
" Or the sky-cleaving eagle. Holier signs
" Than these are here. The pure and sacred dead
" Once more upon the bleak world wandering

" Pour forth the solemn song, that clombe of old
" Unto rejoicing ears Olympian.
" The Eternal speak their purpose. Joy to Greece—
" For there is woe on Persia.—" What is this,"
Answered the Spartan, " for thy words are dark,
" And memory is silent in my breast.
" Seeing, I see not, and this outward show
" With it's profounder meaning is to me
" But as a strange tongue, syllabled in vain
" To an unconscious ear."—" To me it speaks
" In unforgotten tones," Dicæus said,
" The language of my youth; but it's dark sense
" Must not be all revealèd: what I may
" Will I interpret. Though yon whirling mass
" Pass amid desolation rife with sounds
" Numberless, and with forms of living men,
" Stand not in blank amaze. Those sights and sounds
" Are but life's shadowy symbols.—Oftentimes
" Have I beheld the thickly-rolling dust
" Where now it's image moves, and year by year
" Heard the melodious song unspeakable,
" When in full pomp of festal pageantry

" Athens and Greece held the Ogygian rites
" Of the Great Mother, and the veil is torn
" From the eternal mystery that lies
" Shrouded in grey Eleusis. Seek thou not
" To pierce the secret that unlocks the door
" Of Wisdom unto Man, but from the stream
" Judge of the fountain. Happy they who see
" Aright that wondrous truth,—for evermore
" To them the sun shines with a clearer light,
" And the green earth and purple atmosphere
" Lie bare in beauty to their cloudless view.
" And such die not; if it be death to sleep
" In the grave's mouldering chambers, or to flit
" Naked beside the melancholy pool,
" A pale and shrieking ghost; for all that Earth
" And Hades hold of dark or horrible,
" Floweth from error only: truth is pure,
" And they who know the truth; therefore their souls
" Glide from their fleshly temples peacefully
" To the Elysian island of their bliss
" In the warm bosom of the western sea—
" Thence come they now, chanting in mystic strain

" Known to the echoes of this sacred shore
" The changeless doom of Destiny: behold
" The cloud from earth is rising—where it falls
" Shall the Mede perish." As he spoke, the sounds
Faded, and all that shadowy multitude
Solemnly through the twilight floating up,
Hung high in the blue region, like a troop
Of snowy swans over some Scythian marsh
When Autumn utters low his warning voice
In gusty winds across the Caspian:—
Then was the changeless will of the high Gods
Laid open. Southward moved the fatal cloud
Over the rocky shore to the near sea,
And with prophetic pause majestical,
Stooped to the fleet that lay at Salamis.

SONNET

ON PRAYER.

BY THE REV. R. C. TRENCH.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
Spent in thy presence will avail to make;
What burdens lighten, what temptations slake,
What parchèd ground refresh as with a shower!
We kneel, and all around us seems to lower—
We rise, and all the distant and the near
Stand forth in sunny outline brave and clear;
We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.
Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong
Or others, that we are not always strong?
That we are ever overborne with care
That we should ever weak or heartless be,
Anxious or troubled, when with us is Prayer,
And joy, and strength, and courage are with Thee!

LINES

BY MISS COSTELLO,

AUTHORESS OF "SPECIMENS OF THE EARLY POETRY OF FRANCE."

He said her eyes were soft and bright,
  Her cheek was fair, her voice was sweet,
Her tresses were like summer night,
  And like a fairy's were her feet.

I listen'd to each tender word
  That painted all her charms too well;
And trembled as each jarring chord
  Bade my struck heart with anguish swell.

I strove my starting tears to hide
  And sought to calm my bosom's thrill,
I call'd to aid my struggling pride,
  And ask'd him if he lov'd her still!

He turn'd him tow'rds me with surprise
That glance even yet is unforgot!—
And, with a voice that speaks in sighs,
He told me that—he lov'd her not.

He said, altho' her form of grace
The charms of ev'ry clime combined,
The beauty of her angel face
Could find no answer in her mind.

I felt a sudden, transient glow
Within my aching bosom steal,
And fear'd the flush that stain'd my brow
My cherish'd secret might reveal:

Swift as that blush my hopes were o'er,
And reason bids me all resign:—
He said that she was lov'd no more,
But said not that his love was mine.

VERSES

ADDRESSED

BY THE LATE WM. SOTHEBY, ESQ.

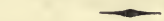
TO AUGUSTUS WALL CALLCOTT, ESQ. AFTER HAVING SEEN THE PORTRAIT OF MRS. CALLCOTT, PAINTED BY HIM.

Bid me no more with charmed eyes review
Thy silver lakes and skies of azure hue;
Rocks piled on rocks, or mountains capt with snow,
Or Sunsets gleaming on the Vale below:
But let me on that form attractive gaze
Where thy skill'd pencil all its power displays;
'Tis no resemblance, slowly traced by Art,—
No—Nature found her image in thy heart:
Thence those raised eyes with vivid genius fraught,
That speak the secret of the unutter'd thought.
Thence featured on that brow, th' impassion'd Soul
Beams brightly forth, and lights with life the whole.
And, mingled with thy hues that ne'er shall fade,
The Husband's tenderest feelings glow portray'd.

SUNSET AND NIGHT.

A SONNET,

BY THE EDITOR.



Day with her glare and heat and toil is o'er;
Her orb is sunk beneath its ocean bed:
The sky's bright azure now is seen no more,
But changed to orange—blushing into red:
Rosy the billows break upon the shore,
The snow is crimson on the mountain's head,
And on the steps of Eve that goes before,
Approaches Night, with sad and solemn tread.

Hail, sable-stoled Queen, whose diadem
Ten thousand thousand blazing suns begem!
Friend of the exile's and the captive's woes!
How grateful should they kiss thy garment's hem,
Who, with thine opiate, Sleep, bestow'st on them
Tranquillity—forgetfulness—repose!

NOAH'S DOVE.

BY MISS DOUGLAS MACLEAN CLEPHANE.

THE Dove, forth speeding at the Patriarch's hest
To wander o'er the deluge waters dark,
Could for her wearied wing obtain no rest
Till she regained the ark.

Went she not forth in hope, careering lightly
To reach again the nest where she was reared,
Where sheltering woods and sparkling waters brightly
To Memory's eye appeared?

All, all now desolate! the wreck of sin
Had swept her flowery dwelling-place from earth;
And o'er each spot where peace and joy had been
Sent wastefulness and dearth.

Ah, is not this a lesson?—to impress
Our worldly hopes how fragile and how vain;
Where those who hurry forth to seek for bliss
Can only gather pain.

When next the Patriarch sent her, she obeyed
With slow and heavy flight as one forlorn,
Who lingers fruitlessly round hopes decayed
That can no more return.

But lo! she sees, from the dull waters rising,
A verdant branch that sparkles in the sun;
Oh 'tis the olive!—right the symbol prizing,
She feels the earth re-won.

With joy she plucks the emblem of sweet peace,
And bears the treasure gladly to her lord,
Who owns in thankfulness the flood's decrease
And earth again restored.

Bears this no lesson?—to the contrite, yes;
Owning their helpless state with humble mind,
In the Great Olive Branch, our Righteousness,
They peace and pardon find.

Yet once, once more the messenger hath sped;
They watch for her return, but watch in vain—
Will those who, free, the path of heaven may tread,
Be lured to earth again?

LOVE AND SORROW.

BY A. J. DE VERE, Esq.

WHENEVER under bowers of myrtle
Love, summer-tressed and vernal-eyed,
At morn or eve is seen to wander,
A dark-eyed girl is at his side.

No eye beholds the Virgin gliding
Unsandalled through the thicket's glooms;
Yet some have marked her shadow moving
Like twilight o'er the whiter blooms.

A golden bow the Brother carries,
A silver flute the Sister bears:
And ever at the fatal moment
The notes and arrows fly in pairs.

She rests her flute upon her bosom,
(While up to heaven his bow he rears,)

And as her kisses make it tremble
That flute is moistened by her tears.

The lovely twain were born together,
And in the same shell cradle laid,
And in the bosom of one Mother
Together slept, and sleeping played.

With hands into each other's woven,
And whispering lips that seemed to teach
Each other in their rosy motion
What still their favourites learn from each.

Proud of her boy, the Mother showed him
To mortal and immortal eye,
But hid, (because she loved her dearer,)
The deeper, sweeter Mystery.

Accept them both, or hope for neither,
Oh loveliest Youth, or Maid lovelorn,
For Grief has come when Love is welcome,
And Love will comfort those who mourn.

SONNET

BY THE REV. C. STRONG.

How manifold are thy deep wonders, Lord!
Night after night into thy heavens I gaze,
And watch, as circling through the starry maze,
The golden planets move in sweet accord.
Oh blasphemy of fools, oh, thought abhorr'd,
That would th' eternal characters erase
Which to the creature show in living blaze
Creative Wisdom, and a God record:

Yea, characters that they who run may read,
Writ every where, throughout each land and sea,
In telling of His Power are all agreed.
Yet nought on earth beneath, in heaven above
Declares like Jesus, Sinner, given for thee,
A God of Holiness, a God of Love.

STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY SOME LINES OF BRANDARD, AN AMERICAN POET, ON AUTUMN,

BY THE EDITOR.

" WHAT is there saddening in the Autumn leaves?"—
Hear we aright? and can a son of song,
Song whose progenitors are memories
Of years gone by, and fears and hopes that throng
Imagination's Court, and fill with sighs:
Can he require an answer? He who weaves
His tissue fair of sadness or of glee
From all the things that are, that have been, and shall be?

October's gales as full of balm may be
As those of merry May. The barn-stored corn
May glad the peasant's breast. The lark may spring
As high amid the clouds, and to the morn
As loud, as clear, as sweet a descant sing
As when the youthful foliage on the tree
First budded, and the year itself was young,
And every forest glade with Love's own music rung.

And Autumn's changing hues and ruddy leaves
Perhaps are warmer, lovelier than the green
Gay robe of Spring: but while the painter's eye
With rapturous delight surveys the scene,
Far different objects will the mind descry.
Alas! it is the prescient heart that grieves;
In Autumn's tints sees Winter's coming gloom,
The twilight of Man's life, the shadow of his tomb!

LINES

BY WILLIAM EMPSON, Esq.

Bravo, Cuckoo, call again!
Loud and louder still!
From the hedge-partition'd plain
And the wood-topt hill.

With thine unmistaken shout
Make the valley ring!
All the world is looking out,
But in vain for spring.

I have search'd in every place
Garden, grove and green:
Of her footstep not a trace
Is there to be seen.

Yet her servants without fail
Have observed their day,
Swallow, bat, and nightingale:—
And herself away!

Shout again! she knows thy call,
'Tis her muster-drum.
An she be on earth at all
She will hear and come.

JULIA IN HER GARDEN,

EXTRACTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM,

BY MISS A. BRADSTREET.

Oh worldly men, too sage! do not afflict
My fancy with such doleful prophecies,
Taking such care deep sorrows to depict
That never may arise.

Oh rather preach to me, indulgent flow'rs!
Darlings of beauty, emblems of my years!
The clear drops left in you from sunny show'rs
Are Youth's delicious tears.

How many ages of the world are gray,
Pass'd out of sight, forgotten every where!
But in Creation's last and freshest day
Could you have been more fair?

Th' eternal fountain of all lovely hues
Pour'd thro' the arteries of the world that day,
Still springs in rainbow mists and golden dews
With never-ceasing play.

And thence are your fresh cheeks wash'd every morn,
And garments new their loveliest tints disclose,
White, azure, amethyst—and of the dawn
Pearls strung in rows.

And crystal pendants, loosely hung, that tremble,
And golden hearts within each breast serene,
And veils of gossamer that lace resemble,
And mantles of close green.

So were ye garmented in Paradise,
And Eve, awaken'd by your morning breath,
Wove with white hands, and many a sweet device,
Your blossoms in a wreath.

Thus I too every day mine eyes unclose,
And life is still as new, and earth as fair
As when by midnight lamps for soft repose
I folded up my hair.

" But," say the sages, " Youth's a gliding hour,
" A sun-beam only born to dart away,—
" Noon withers it like a too tender flow'r,
" And cometh Evening gray."

But Evening too has flow'rs, star-shaped and bright,
In silver gardens dropping dew from heav'n;
The sweetest bird too singeth most at night,
Songs for the houseless giv'n.

Then Earth is dark—but Heav'n is full of light—
Earth is asleep, but in the world above
Things countless for their wonder and delight
For ever wake and move.

I sport in morning—'tis my time and duty—
But oh, my dearest Father, not the less
Tastes my revering soul the truth and beauty
Of Evening quietness.

How beautiful upon my Father's head
The silver hairs just mingling with the brown
Of Manhood—as on Autumn's russet bed
The first snow falls like down.

And in the fixing of his gentle look
There is a power which reads at will in mine
My thoughts, as they were written in a book:—
Such is the skill divine

Of Wisdom in unclouded majesty
Waiting the close of its experienced day,—
Ah! who that sees thine Equanimity
Would wish thee not yet gray?

GRENDON CHURCH,

A SONNET,

BY THE REV. G. S. CAUTLEY.

Oh! quiet Church, which, midway in the vale,
Throned on the knoll above yon solemn grove,
Dost hallow the amenity of love
Shed from this gentlest scene: if ever fail
The currents of Life's joyousness, and pale
Spirit-consuming heaviness doth move
Sullenly round my heart, oh then I prove
The beauty of thy presence in the dale.

Thou art so fair, and soothingly arrayed
In the simplicity of olden gray,
Gleaming against the far hill's purple shade:
A beam of glory at thy foot doth play.
Ah, it is fled! and double gloom is laid,—
Emblem of one whose fate we mourn to-day!

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE POET WORDSWORTH,

BY SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON,

1830.

I BID thee now farewell! but with me bring
Many a remembrance as a cherish'd thing;
Many a fond thought, and many a vision clear
Of all the loveliness I've gazed on here,
In Beauty's very home, where all around
Seems as her own peculiar, sacred ground.
Nor shall the converse soon forgotten be
Here in that sacred presence held with thee.
Whether my joy was heightened and refined
By impress of thy meditative mind,

Which, long to Beauty and to Nature vowed,
Not less could hear their low voice than their loud;
Or I, who love to tend the sister fane
Where Science worships with her solemn train,
Would tell how also there from little things
To the purged eye a sight of wonder springs:
Or whether soared we, while these walks we trod,
From Beauty and from Science up to God.
And in the midnight or the lonely hour
Oft shall these thoughts put forth a sudden power,
With a too bright remembrance startling me,
And bidding all my custom'd musings flee.
Then shall the shadowy abstractions fade,
And give me back the valley, lake, or glade;
Or I shall gaze again with raptured eye
On those ethereal hills, that evening sky.
And haply, if some fluctuating aim
Disturb me, or some hope without a name,
'Twill vanish 'neath the steady light that flows
From the calm eminence of thy repose.

SONNET,

SUGGESTED BY AN ENGRAVING OF " LA PENSÉE," IN THE LITERARY SOUVENIR FOR 1835, FROM A PAINTING BY STONE,

BY THE EDITOR.

FAIR image, when I look upon thine eyes,
And see thy pale cheek rest upon thine hand,
The Vase upon thy table, flowerless stand,
The faded pansy on thy lap that lies—
Emblems of thoughts—no—no—of Memories!—
Of one perchance an exile from his land,
Sad, lonely wanderer on a foreign strand,—
I gaze until I almost hear thy sighs!

Strange force of genius! that a vase, a flower,
An antique table, and a pallid form,
Should thus, without the aid of words, have power
To tell of all the darkening clouds that lour
O'er love and beauty: of wild passion's storm,
The bleeding heart, and the deserted bower!

SHAKSPEARE.

STANZAS BY WILLIAM EMPSON, ESQ.

Oh surely, Willie Shakspeare,
We are not parting too!
Yet now we meet not daily,
As we were wont to do.

For more than bone of my bone,
Heart of my very heart,
In all my schemes of pleasure
Thou once went art and part.

At night beneath my pillow,
In hand at every stroll,
Thy words like second nature
Came bounding o'er my soul.

But now—I scarce believe it—
Whole weeks may pass away;
And with thy boon companions
I shall not spend a day.

Like Hal I am reforming:
For a good month or more
That fat old Knight of Eastcheap
Has never crossed my door.

I have not fool'd Malvolio
To his fantastic walk,
Now with the gipsey Rosalind
Devised a jeering talk:

Nor lent adventurous Portia
A Lawyer's gown and guiles:
Nor tangled wanton Antony
In Cleopatra's smiles:

Nor gone a gallant masquer
Unto Lord Capulet's ball,
And vaulted with young Montague
That midnight garden-wall.

When was it last, sweet Imogen,
We left for love our home?
And thou and I, brave Martius,
Canvass'd the mob of Rome?

It seems an age, since, maddening,
I wander'd forth with Lear,
Or stuck Titania's roses
In Bully Bottom's ear:

Or woo'd with saucy Benedict
A yet more saucy maid,
Or learn'd from hot Petruchio
To make myself obey'd:

Or sang with pretty Ariel
His blossom-waving song,
Or brooded with poor Hamlet
Over a father's wrong;

Avenged the world on Cæsar,
Echoed Othello's groan,
Or saw from Duncan's chamber
Macbeth steal out alone.

My darling Willie Shakspeare,
This coldness must not grow;
I love thee far too dearly
To think of parting so.

I've grasped the hand of Manhood,
In generous anguish, fast;
I've kiss'd the lip of woman,
And known it was her last:

I've watch'd what's worse than all this—
A friendship waste away,
And love believ'd immortal
Like vulgar loves decay.

No form of bitter trial,
Alas, is new to me:
So much the more 'twould cost me,
To say, farewell, to thee.

VERSES FOR MUSIC,

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

A low unearthly sound
Is groaning on the air,
And there shoots along the ground
A shadow and a glare.
A shroud is o'er the sky
And the thunder-stroke is nigh.
Oh ye dead! oh ye dead! 'tis the hour
When ye rush on my heart with avenging power.

They are gone—the steely glare
And the tempest rattling loud;
There is sunshine in the air,
A bow upon the cloud,
A perfume on the breeze,
A music in the trees.
Oh ye dead! oh ye dead! 'tis the hour
When ye steal on my soul with a soothing power.

THE SABBATH.

BY THE REV. JOHN FRERE.

Hail, holiest of festal Days,
That from beginning of all Time
Wert consecrate to Rest and Praise,
When the Sons of Glory heard,
Peace to Thee, and Blessing—given
By the same Almighty Word
That created Earth and Heaven;
And the Stars with sweet Accord
And spiritual Thrones on high,
With seraphic Melody
And Anthems loud, pronounced thee
" Blest for ever"—
Making the eternal Mansions ring
With Hosannahs to the King.

That primeval Blessing still
Keeps thee from the taint of ill,
And, despite of Sin and Folly,
Preserves, as erst it made Thee—holy.

Hail the hour of Heavenly Rest,
  Hills and Vales, and Sea, and Air;
And let Earth her greenest Vest,
  To do the Day meet Honor, wear:

Beasts, that roam the Field and Wood,
  Birds, upon the waving Trees,
And ye, that people the dark Flood,
  Hail the day of Rest and Ease.

Ye too, Masters of Creation,
  For whose Sin it groans throughout,
Stay the Work of Desolation
  Your Transgression brought about,
That Nature may awhile be free
  From your oppressive Mastery.

Lo! the holy Dawn is breaking
With the sound of Sabbath Bells!
How many a Heart from Slumber waking,
Feels the Peace their Music tells,
And blesses God that he has given
A Day on Earth so like to Heaven.
The Thoughts which all the Week had been
In the busy, bustling Scene,
Violently toss'd, and hurl'd
With the worry of the World,
Now again, serenely slow,
In their ancient Channel flow,
And glad rejoin the Current free
Of their Youth and Infancy—
As yonder Waves, that lately drove
With steep descent the labouring Wheel,
Turn'd from the Channel where they strove,
Along the level Meadows steal,
Their Labour done; rejoining smooth
The liquid current of their Youth,
And visiting with Life the Shore
Which they fertilised before.

APRIL, 1834.

SONNET,

BY WILLIAM EMPSON, ESQ.

Brooding I lay among the sunny hours,
When came the primrose-kirtled April by:
I heard her call unto her thousand flowers,
"Come forth, *my* stars, and mate with yonder sky!
"But no,"—she stopp'd—"of soft and gleamy showers
"Earth-sprung, your beauty must not look so high:
"A happier, though a humbler lot is our's
"Than cold and distant immortality.

"Nor envy nor provoke those haughty Powers,
"Nor grieve you are too lovely not to die;
"Life is made life by human sympathy—
"Forth then, and meet the maidens in their bowers
"With smile for smile, and sigh, alas, for sigh;
"Your's is their love, your's too their destiny."

THE TEMPLARS' REVENGE.

BY MISS D. M. CLEPHANE.

'Twas a fearful day in Paris, when, by the King's commands,
The Master of the Templars was bound with felon bands;
One only[1] comrade by his side in darksome prison lay,
To share the bondage and the fate of Jacques de Molay.

Of lordly lineage, valiant heart, and turbulence of might,
They stood together many a day, in leaguer and in fight,
And now, the darkest and the last of all their trials come,
They sink beneath the force of France, and treachery of Rome.

No weak repining at their fate, no yielding to their foes,
Ev'n in this dire extremity, from these stout hearts arose;
But ire and vengeance boil'd within, that yet shall find a way
To make the victors rue the wrath of Jacques de Molay.

Two years had pass'd since fifty-nine brave knights were doom'd to die
That sign'd the Cross and call'd on God amid their agony:
Whom slanderous tongues as Atheists devoted to the fire,
Well trusting that their name and wrongs should with their lives expire

Their power and riches were their bane, their high and lonely band
Had force to compass whatsoe'er they listed take in hand,
Till unsuspected burst the mine by which they were o'erthrown,
And, like the Nazarite of old, they found their strength was flown.

To the Grand Master's dungeon, a Templar entrance found,
Who held not that the Pope's decree his feälty unbound;
He, one unshrinking champion of the faithful [2]seventy-four,
Craved counsel for the Order, when its Chief should be no more.

Then proudly spake the Temple Chief unto his comrade stern,
" Commander bold of Normandy, true brother of Auvergne,
" Not unrequited shall our blood sink darkly in the ground,
" When friends like this and those for whom he speaks are still unbound.

" Our Order is abolished, our wealth and lands are shared
" By those who to provoke our wrath but lately had not dared;
" And, in their greedy rivalry, the Brethren of Saint John
" Perceive not in our fearful fall an earnest of their own.

" The King of France sits proudly in the Temple Palace now,
" And thinks the crown by our defeat sits firmer on his brow—
" But ere those walls be cast to earth, they may our vengeance see,
" And yet enclose usurping France in stern captivity.

" Now list, thou faithful messenger, and bind upon thy soul
" The counsel I shall give thee now, so shall my hest controul
" The fate of knight, and king, and priest, when winds have borne away,
" In scatter'd ashes, all the mortal relics of Molay.

" Still let our noble brethren in hand and heart combine,
" But veil the pride of Beau-Séant beneath a humbler sign:
" 'Tis Pride hath brought our Order to sorrow and decay,
" Then let Humility restore its lustre if ye may.

" No outward pomp must warn our foes the Brotherhood endures,
" But league ye by the fearful oath your compact that secures;
" And cherish, in your alter'd state, our own, our[3] Syrian Tree,
" Whose roots shall yet be dew'd with blood, and spring for Liberty.

" But, chief of all, our legacy of vengeance dark and deep
" The inmost and the holiest of your secrets must ye keep,
" And not ev'n exultation to our foemen must betray
" That their evil genius wields the Curse of Jacques de Molay.

" Watch o'er the diadem of France, watch o'er the triple crown,
" And spare not both or either in the dust to trample down;
" And on the Order of Saint John our vengeance be outpour'd
" In unremitting deadly wrath, by counsel and by sword."—

The day has dawn'd—the messenger is from the dungeon gone—
The unsubdued Grand Master and his comrade are alone:
His task is done, his will made known, and though his foemen slay,
Yet shall they taste the malison of Jacques de Molay.

Upon a high-rais'd scaffold, the funeral pyre in view,
They summon'd him again his late confession to renew;
But, haughtily repelling all their efforts, he averred:
" It is by that confession I most grievously have erred.

" That foul and false confession, I deeply here disown;
" 'Twas made to save my brethren's lives, it shall not save my own:
" True Knight and Christian I have lived, and readily I die
" To vouch my Order's innocence, o'erpowered by calumny.

" I cite the faithless Pontiff, within five days, to meet
" My injured brethren and myself before God's judgment seat:
" And thee, false Philip, King of France, I cite within the year,
" Before the same tribunal, to answer and appear."—

The two devoted champions are bound unto the stake,
The flames ascending in the pyre a hideous roaring make;
With constancy unmoved and proud the warriors met their fate,
That wrung admiring sympathy ev'n from their foemen's hate.

The sacrifice completed, the flames have sunk away,
A heap of ashes now is all of noble De Molay;—
Eight humble artisans stood round, who gather'd them with care,
And bore them from the place of death, unquestion'd why or where.

Eight artisans they seem'd of those that free[4] accepted stand,
Bound in by ties of brotherhood, an isolated band:
Mid these the Templars refuge found, and thus the hest obey,
Enjoin'd them, of Humility, by Jacques de Molay.

Nor in his fiercer mandate has their long obedience fail'd—
The Lilies and the Triple Crown have oft before them quailed;
And when the Brethren of Saint John from lands and home were driven,
It was avenging Beau-Séant that wrought the will of Heaven.

NOTES

TO

THE TEMPLARS' REVENGE.

[1] The Commander of Normandy, brother to the Dauphin of Auvergne.

[2] Seventy-four Knights of the Temple, who offered to undertake the defence of the Order, at Paris, and were refused the opportunity.

[3] The Acacia Tree, assumed by the Templars as a cognizance, and supposed to have been subsequently converted into the Tree of Liberty.

[4] Free and accepted Masons.

PARAPHRASE

ON PART OF THE FIRST CHAPTER OF EZEKIEL.

BY THE LATE LADY NORTHAMPTON.

'Twas in the fourth month of the thirtieth year,
Among the captives by the river Chebar,
That Buzi's son, in the Chaldean's land,
The Priest Ezekiel, heard the word of God.

I saw—and lo! a whirlwind from the North
Came rolling on—cloud above cloud, and fire,
Now flashing dim and lurid through the dark,
Now brightly issuing to enwrap the storm
In one vast blaze!
Oh for fit words

To utter—to declare the wondrous shapes
In that bright radiance!
Human like they seem'd,
Yet wing'd above, below, around! Their brightness
Far brighter than the furnace' roaring flames,
Or than th' intense reflection thousand-fold
Of burnish'd brass, a blazing amber light
Through the dark tempest.
O'er all limits, power
Seem'd theirs:—their motions, will: their being, sight:—
And wheels in wheels, in mazing way, were there,
Instinct with life, with visual power.

And high
O'er all—bright as the firmament—invisible
From overpowering brightness—sat the Likeness
Man was created from.

The living wings
Of the wing'd beings moved.
The rushing noise
Of mighty waters—and the infinite roar

Of the peal'd shout that victor armies raise—
Seem'd join'd in echoing thunder.
My ears rung—
My eye-balls nigh to burst—the sight o'erpower'd
Receiv'd such blaze of sapphire—living amber—
Fire and white flash—and rainbow hues in light,
That prone to earth, I sank.

A voice above
Roll'd through the firmament, and fell on me—

"Rise, Son of Man," he said,—"Stand on thy feet,
"And I will speak unto thee."

Stiff, upraised,
But not by strength of mine, I stood, and heard—
I heard poor Israel's burden; and their sins
Of monstrous guilt and sinking weight; I heard
Myself commission'd, Priest of God, to preach
His will to these rebellious—all in vain!
I saw the Book of Woes, of bitterness
And lamentations, mourning and despair.

Then loud the rushing wheels and sounding wings
Rose through the space—and the full mingled voice
Of thousands join'd and cried—

" Blest be the Lord;
" Blest be the Lord Almighty in this place,
" Hence and for evermore!"

Then silence came—
And power of utterance slow revisited
My shaking frame.—
On Chebar's banks I stood,
And seven long days, 'midst the Captivity
I sat confounded—knowing nought I saw.

GRAY'S LATIN ODE,

ON THE MONASTERY OF THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE,

TRANSLATED

By CHARLES A. ELTON, Esq.

O THOU! the Genius of this awful spot,
How shall I fitly name thee? for I deem
Less than a Godhead's presence haunteth not
This antique forest and this native stream:
And we behold more near the visible God
Midst these shagg'd cliffs, these rude hill-solitudes,
These rocks, which foot of man hath never trod,
This dash of waters and this night of woods,
Than if beneath a citron arch he shone,
Fashion'd in molten gold by Phidias' hand—
Hail!—if invoked aright, look gracious on!
Here let my wearied youth glide calm to land.

Or should hard Fate's rebuff, e'en while I yearn
For these endear'd retreats, this holy reign
Of silence, with the reflux swell return
Me to the tossing midmost waves again;
Sire! (shall I call thee?) be the boon allow'd
To share thy freedom in my drooping age;
Then steal me from the cares that vex the crowd,
And safe receive me from their restless rage.

MEMORY,

A SONNET,

BY THE EDITOR.

Oh Memory, thou ever restless Power,
Recalling all that's vanish'd from our sight,
Thy pencil dipp'd now in the rainbow's light,
Now in the gloomy tints of midnight's hour.
From youth's gay garden, manhood's blighted bower,
Culling thy varied chaplet, dark and bright—
The rose, the rue, the baleful aconite:
Alternating the cypress and the flower!

Casting with lightning speed thy wizard glance
Through the long retrospect of by-gone years,
Whence, at thine hest, in dim array advance,
Shadows of idle hopes and idle fears:
Half cheerful is thy saddest countenance,
Thy sweetest smile, alas, is moist with tears!

THE BEGGAR'S CASTLE.*

A STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE,

By R. M. MILNES, Esq.

Those ruins took my thoughts away
To a far Eastern land,
Like camels in a herd they lay
Upon the dull red sand:
I know not that I ever sate
Within a place so desolate.

* I am indebted for this legend and part of its conduct to Jean Reboul,—the baker-poet of Nismes,—the Burns of modern France.—*Note by the Author.*

Unlike the relics that connect
  Our hearts with ancient Time,
All moss-besprent and ivy-deckt,
  Gracing a lenient clime,
Here all was death, and nothing born,
—No life but the unfriendly thorn.

" My little guide, whose sunny eyes
  " And darkly-lucid skin
" Witness, in spite of shrouded skies,
  " Where Southern realms begin,
" Come, tell me all you've heard and know,
" About these mighty things laid low."

The Beggar's Castle, wayward name,
  Was all these fragments bore,
And wherefore legendary fame
  Baptized them thus of yore,
He told in words so sweet and true,
I wish that he could tell it you.

A puissant Seigneur, who in wars
And tournays had renown,
With wealth from prudent ancestors
Sloping unbroken down,
Dwelt in these towers, and held in fee
All the broad lands that eye can see.

He never tempered to the poor
Misfortune's bitter blast,
And when before his haughty door
Widow and orphan past,
Injurious words and dogs at bay
Were all the welcome that had they.

The Monk, who toiled from place to place,
That God might have his dole,
Was met by scorn and foul grimace,
And oaths that pierced his soul:
'Twas well for him to flee and pray,
" They know not what they do and say."

One evening, when both plain and wood
  Were trackless in the snow,
A Beggar at the portal stood
  Who little seemed to know
That Castle and its evil fame,
As if from distant shores he came.

Like channelled granite was his front,—
  His hair was crisp with rime,—
He askt admittance, as was wont
  In that free-hearted time;
For who could leave to die i' the cold
A lonely man and awful-old?

At first his prayer had no reply,—
  Perchance the wild wind checkt it,
But when it rose into a cry,
  No more the inmates reckt it,
Till, where the cheerful fire-light shone,
A voice out-thundered—" Wretch! begone."

" There is no path,—I have no strength,—
" What can I do alone?
" Grant shelter,—or I lay my length,
" And perish on the stone;
" I crave not much,—I should be blest
" In kennel or in barn to rest."

" What matters thy vile head to me?
" Dare not to touch the door!"
—" Alas! and shall I never see
" Home, wife, and children more!"—
" If thou art still importunate
" My serfs shall nail thee to the gate."

But when the wrathful Seigneur faced
The object of his ire—
The Beggar raised his brow debased
And armed his eyes with fire:
" Whatever guise is on me now,
" I am a mightier Lord than thou!"

" Madman or cheat! announce thy birth."—
" *That* thou wilt know to-morrow."
—" Where are thy fiefs?"—" The whole wide Earth."
—" And what thy title?"—" SORROW."—
Then, opening wide his ragged vest,
He cried,—" Thou canst not shun thy guest."

He stampt his foot with fearful din;—
With imprecating hand
He struck the door, and past within
Right through the menial band.
" Follow him—Seize him—There and there!"
They only saw the blank night air.

But he was at his work: ere day,
Began the work of doom,—
The Lord's one daughter, one bright May,
Fled with a base-born groom,
Bearing about, where'er she came,
The blighting of an antient name.

His single Son, that second self,
  Who, when his first should fall,
Would hold his lands and hoarded pelf,
  Died in a drunken brawl:—
And now alone amid his gold
He stood, and *felt* his heart was cold.

Till, like a large and patient Sea
  Once roused by cruel weather,
Came by the raging Jacquerie,
  And swept away together
Him and all his, save that which Time
Has hoarded to suggest our rhyme.

OCTOBER.

LINES BY WILLIAM EMPSON, ESQ.

What is there in the autumn months, the months of corn and wine,
That any pensive looker-on can sorrow or repine?
And least, that one, that travels forth with the revolving year
In harmony, should mar his cheek with touch of trouble here?

How beautiful is Nature, and every look she wears!
How virtuous all her pleasures, how happy all her cares!
O'er heaven and earth the seasons in link'd succession range,
Changing, but bringing always a blessing in their change.
The virgin smile of Spring-tide, the Summer's genial blue,
And Winter's gallant chiding, our grateful thanks renew:

Oh surely, then, rich Autumn, whose liberal bounties fill
Our emptied barns with fatness, must be more welcome still.
And from the poet's lonely walk in evening woods, as well
As from the peasant's harvest-home, one burst of triumph swell.

Then wherefore these misgivings? Is it I shrink to see
Autumnal foliage hanging upon October's tree?
Yet they're the flowers of Autumn, the crown that fires her brow—
" Short-lived!"—But where's the justice of turning preacher now?
These things must not be thought of so, or we shall scarcely bear,
As meet is, Adam's penalty, which all the Seasons share.
For, yes, of all the Seasons, the pride is also frail,
Yet who at their mortality was ever heard to quail?—
Or let their charms so tender, because so soon to part,
Cast a foreboding sadness across the human heart?
The gleams of sprightly April more quickly pass away,
And blossoms more abundant die in the lap of May:
Just when the days are longest (as at its destined height
Down drops the humbled arrow from its aspiring flight)
The solstice stops: while twilight draws on its fatal pall
Of slow-descending shadows over the Summer's fall:

Entrench'd in frost and tempest, rough Winter takes his stand;
But see! the surly Chieftain's soon chased from out the land:
His own most lordly mountains resign their shield of snow,
And not one dazzling fragment reaches the flood below.

Thus 'tis not Autumn only which will not, must not, stay,
And tells proud Man his fortune—Mutation and Decay,
Affrighting startled Fancy with Nature's outspread bier,
The fallen leaves her strewments upon the dying year.

You strive in vain, poor Reason! alas, it will not do—
The sere-leav'd shafts of Autumn have pierced me through and through;
In feelings I can neither resist nor understand,
I own the thrilling influence of some magician's hand.
Yon bird imbibes, while lingering these sunset tints among,
Their richness to its plumage, their softness to its song.
What?—if the woodland spirits now make themselves a nest
Out of the Autumn's ruins within man's haunted breast!
And give our thoughts a colour and the hush'd voice a tone,
Which is indeed a Spirit's although it seem our own.

ADDRESS

TO POETRY,

BY THE REV. R. C. TRENCH.

In my life's youth, while yet the deeper needs
Of th' inmost spirit unawakened were,
Thou couldst recount of high heroic deeds,
Couldst add a glory unto earth and air,—
A crowning glory, making fair more fair:
So that my soul was pleased and satisfied,
Which had as yet no higher, deeper care,
And said that thou shouldst evermore abide
With me, and make my bliss, and be my spirit's bride.

But years went on, and thoughts which slept before,
O'er the horizon of my soul arose—
Thoughts which perplexed me ever more and more,
As though a Sphinx should meet one, and propose
Enigmas hard, and which whoso not knows
To interpret, must her slave and victim be;
And I, round whom thick darkness seemed to close,
Knew only this one thing, that misery
Remained, if none could solve this riddle unto me.

Then I remembered how from thy lips fell
Large words of promise, how thou couldst succeed
All darkest mysteries of life to spell;
Therefore I pleaded with Thee now to read
The scroll that was perplexing me, with speed,
The riddle and the obstinate questioning:
Something thou spak'st, but nothing to my need,
So that I counted thee an idle thing,
Who had so much avouched, yet no true help could bring.

And I turned from thee, and I left thee quite,
And of thy name to hear had little care:
For I was only asking if by flight
I might shun *her*, who else would rend and tear
Me, who could not her riddle dark declare:—
This toil, the anguish of this flight was mine,
Until at last, inquiring every where,
I won an answer from another shrine,
An holier oracle, a temple more divine.

But when no longer without hope I mourned,
When peace and joy revived in me anew,
Even from that moment my old love returned,
My former love, yet wiser and more true,
As seeing what for us thy power can do;
And what thy skill can make us understand
And know—and where that skill attained not to,
How far thou canst sustain us by thy hand,
And what things shall in us a holier care demand.

My love of Thee and thine,—for earth and air
And every common sight of sea and plain,
Then put new robes of glory on, and wear
The same till now, and things which dead had lain
Revived, as flowers that smell the dew and rain:
I was a man again of hopes and fears,
The fountains of mine heart flowed forth again,
Whose sources had seemed dry for many years,
And there was given me back the sacred gift of tears.

And that old hope, which never quite had perished,
A longing which had stirred me from a boy,
And which in darkest seasons I had cherished,
Which nothing could quite vanquish or destroy;
This, with all other things of life and joy,
Revived within me,—and I too would seek
The power, that moved mine own heart, to employ
On others, who perchance would hear me speak—
If but the tones were true, altho' the voice were weak.

Tho' now there seems one only worthy aim
For Poet,—that my strength were as my will,—
And which renounce he cannot without blame,
To make men feel the pressure by his skill
Of an eternal loveliness, until
All souls are faint with longing for their home,
Yet the same while are strengthened to fulfil
Their work on earth, that they may surely come
Unto the Land of Life, who here as exiles roam.

And what tho' loftiest fancies are not mine,
Nor words of chiefest power, yet unto me
Some voices reach out of the inner shrine,
Heard in mine heart of hearts, and I can see
At times some glimpses of the majesty,
Some prints and footsteps of the glory trace,
Which has been left on earth, that we might be
By them led forward to the secret place
Where we perchance might see that glory face to face.

If in this quest, oh power of sacred Song!
Thou canst assist,—oh never take thy flight:
If thou canst make us gladder or more strong,
If thou canst fling glimpses of glorious light
Upon Life's deepest depth and highest height,
Or pour upon its low and level plain
A gleam of soberer gladness,—if this might
Thou hast—(and it is thine!)—then not in vain
Are we henceforth prepared to follow in thy train.

ON

REVISITING TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,

AFTER TWENTY YEARS' ABSENCE.

BY THE RIGHT HONOURABLE T. SPRING RICE.

YEARS have rolled on since first I passed these gates,
Yet each succeeding year I love thee more—
When I revisit thee, within my heart
Thoughts, images, emotions crowd.—The past
Awakens from its tomb, and present light
Blends with the future's dim uncertainty.
All that is best in life I here have known,
Love, Friendship, and Ambition, heavenly Hope
Lifting her seraph-eye to brighter worlds:
And now the gushing founts of tenderness
Which spring perennial in a parent's heart.

Thy walls to me are vocal. Many a sound
Of solemn warning and of stern reproof

Echoes beneath those arches.—Time misused
And Opportunity for ever lost—
Powers misapplied:—these thoughts of deep remorse
All, all around me rise, like angry shades
Which haunt the midnight of some murderer.
Oh! had such thoughts flowed earlier o'er my mind
I should not now lament its barrenness.
Had they but roused me to some strenuous deeds,
In more enduring love for human kind,
Purging my soul from sloth and selfishness—
Had those whose bright examples might have taught
To scorn the earth, and humbly strive for heaven—
Had these but shed due influence, noble acts
Had sprung from noble thoughts—Duty and Joy,
Like two fair sisters with their arms entwined
And glances love returning, had led on,
Through deeds of manly usefulness below,
To the inheritance of brighter crowns.

But though the sun his mid-day height has passed,
Light yet remaineth while 'tis given to work—
Then let me not a vile and abject thing

Pass in a world of dreams my life away—
Or bubble-like float down the stream of life—
Or like an Autumn leaf circling aloft
Whirl in a useless orbit.——
The drowsy joys of indolent repose,
Or the unmeaning laugh of vapid mirth,
Accomplish not man's destiny.—'Tis his
To will—to do—to suffer—days of toil
And nights of watching—and to cast his lot—
To live for others—or to live in vain.

Before the Spirit to Bethesda's pool
Gave healing power, the waters first were moved;—
Could but such influence reach a worm like me,
And rouse from torpor, life new life would gain,
And, like the Eagle springing towards the Sun,
The soul, on angel-pinions borne, would seek
Eternal Beauty—undecaying Truth,
Wisdom heaven-taught, and Virtue strong in Faith.

SYREN SONGS.

BY GEORGE DARLEY, ESQ.

I.

THE TEMPTATION.

O STEP and try how along the smooth ocean
As safe as the wild-bird thou'lt wander to me,—
O step and feel how supreme the emotion
To tread like an elve the green ooze of the sea.

Come and behold the wide deep in its splendour,
While bright shines the path from the sun to the shore—
Come while the waves their wild freedom surrender,
And humble their proud necks for thee to step o'er.

Firm is the flood to thy foot, and as fleetly
As wind shalt thou waft on its bosom secure!
Come while the blue sky is beaming so sweetly,
And air is so balmy, and light is so pure!

Hymns of soft triumph all day shall attend thee
Where'er be thy spirit's young fancy to roam!
Bow'rs of red coral at eve overbend thee
To shade thee in slumber from night dew and foam!

Step then and try how along the broad level
Thou'lt follow the Sun to his cave in the deep!
O step, and join at his red evening revel
The loud liquid chorus that lulls him to sleep!

Thee, thee will I lull with sea-ditties so tender,
The bee cannot murmur as soft to the rose!
With my bright golden harp, gentle Youth, I will render
Thy slumbers as calm as an angel's repose.

Step then, oh step! and we'll tread a wild measure
As far as the sunbeams lie smooth on the main!
Oh step and try if so thrilling a pleasure
Will ne'er tempt thee o'er the bright waters again.

II.

THE PREVAILMENT.

Listen, Youth! oh listen, listen
To my dittying lyre and song!
She whose eyes so gently glisten
Cannot will thee wrong!
O that unto thee as me
Deep dominion of the sea
Did, sweet youth, belong!

'Neath the sea there is no sorrow—
Love the only pain we know!
Jocund night brings joyful morrow
To the bowers below!
At the green foot of this well
Is my glassy bower and cell—
Will the Mortal go?

I will give thee green shell-armour,
Crystal spear and helm of gold;
Sword of proof against the charmer,
Like a Knight of old!
Thou shalt in a chariot brave
Roam the deep and ride the wave—
Dar'st thou be so bold?

O'er the wan-blue waters sliding
What proud pleasure it will be
Thy wild ocean coursers guiding
To control the sea!
Down the rocky ladder steep
Winding to the monstrous deep,
Come, oh come with me!

Treasure past the power of telling
Richly shall the deed repay;
Come!—I hear the sea-caves knelling,
" Come, oh come away!"
Come and boast thee to have been
Wanderer of the sea-bed green,
Till thy dying day.

III.

THE REVELLING.

QUAFF, oh quaff the coral wine,
Prest in our sea-vintage yearly,
Every crimson-berried vine
Melts as lusciously and clearly!
Quaff, oh quaff the coral wine—
Bower and all within are thine!

Lays of love and odes divine
I will sing, thy couch attending;
With the perfume of the wine
The sweet breath of music blending!
Quaff, oh quaff the coral wine—
Bower and all within are thine!

Thrilling soft this harp of mine,
Strewing boughs with coral laden,
Pouring high the crested wine,
I will be thy Bower-maiden.
Quaff, oh quaff the coral wine—
Bower and all within are thine.

IV.

THE LURING-ON.

When westering winds the ocean soothe,
Till calm as heaven's blue waste it be,
How sweet to glide from smooth to smooth,
Like halcyons o'er the violet sea!

How brave to tread the glistening sands
That lie in amber wreaths below,
The twisted toil of faëry hands,
Condemned to swarth them to and fro!

My bright harp with its golden tongue
  Speaks sweetly through the lucid wave,
And says its chords need scarce be rung,
  While floods so soft its bosom lave!

Broad-handed Ocean aye will beat
  In varying mood this harp of mine,—
So think not, if it sound less sweet,
  The fearful melody is mine.

V.

THE SEA-RITUAL.

Prayer unsaid and mass unsung,
Deadman's dirge must still be rung:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells sound;
Mermen chant his dirge around.

Wash him bloodless, smoothe him fair,
Stretch his limbs and sleek his hair:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells go;
Mermen swing them to and fro!

In the wormless sands shall he
Feast for no foul gluttons be:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells toll;
Mermen ring his requiem-knoll!

We must with a tombstone brave
Shut the shark out of his grave:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells chime;
Mermen keep the tune and time!

Such a slab will we lay o'er him,
All the dead shall rise before him:
Dingle-dong, the dead-bells boom;
Mermen lay him in his tomb!

VI.

THE MERMAIDEN'S VESPER HYMN.

Troop home to silent grots and caves!
Troop home, and mimic as you go
The mournful winding of the waves,
Which to their dark abysses flow!

At this sweet hour all things beside
In amorous pairs to covert creep:
The swans that brush the evening tide,
Homeward in snowy couples keep.

In his green den the murmuring seal
  Close by his sleek companion lies;
While singly we to bedward steal,
  And close in fruitless sleep our eyes.

In bowers of love men take their rest,
  In loveless bowers we sigh alone,—
With bosom-friends are others blest,
  But we have none! but we have none!

STANZAS

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER MARRIAGE.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

And thou shalt be a bride to-day—thou young, and good, and fair;
And the ring is waiting for thy hand—the wreath is in thy hair:
The young, the gay, the glad are met to hail the joyous scene,
And thy bridesmaids wait upon thy steps like fairies round their queen.

Thy young life hath been only past in love, and joy, and bliss,
Thou hast but known a mother's care, a sister's love and kiss:
But thou shalt seek another now—shalt bear another's name,
And the love that we alone have shared, another now may claim.

For thou, sweet love, art like the bird that left the ark of rest,
To seek a dwelling-place on earth, and build herself a nest—
So thou hast left thy happy home, in other spheres to soar,
And, like the dove the patriarch sent, shalt seek thine ark no more.

And sad our task will be, and long, thy memory to trace,
To see, in fancy see, thy form, and view thy vacant place ;
To dwell with grief on every charm that bade us once rejoice,
And miss the magic of thy smile, the music of thy voice.

One thought the while will cheer our woes, and sooth our griefs to rest—
It is the thought, where'er thou art, that thou must still be blest.
For howsoe'er thy lot be cast, wherever thou mayst be,
All gentlest hopes and kindest loves must ever dwell with thee.

And when before the sacred shrine thou standest shortly now,
To pledge thy faith to God and man, and breathe the life-long vow,
Our warmest loves, our fondest thoughts, shall all be with thee there,
And meet, and soar from Earth to Heaven, in blessing and in prayer.

But hark, they call—thy lover waits—no more must we delay—
We fain would hold thee ever thus, but dare not bid thee stay.
These streaming eyes, these bursting hearts, the pain of parting tell—
And these faint sobs are meant to say—but cannot breathe—farewell!—

SONG.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ.

She never loved but once,
And then her love did seem
Like the opening of a tomb
Or the weaving of a dream ;—
A premature betrothing
To immortal things,—
A momentary clothing
With an Angel's wings.

She never loved but once,
And then she learnt to feel,
The wounds that Love inflicts,
That Love alone can heal:
For as that light of life
Slowly faded by,
She calmed her spirit's strife
In her wish to die:

Yet lived, and Memory drew
Some joy from all the pain—
Her heart was kind to all,
But never loved again.—
She bid it cease to beat,
Till, in yon skies above,
Love with love should meet,
First and only Love!

ORESTES AND ELECTRA.

LAST SCENE.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

Orestes. Heavy and murderous dreams, O my Electra,
Have dragged me from myself.
Is this Mycenai?
Are we . . . . are all who should be . . . . in the house?
Living? unhurt? our father here? our mother?
Why that deep gasp? for 'twas not sigh nor groan.
She then . . . . 'twas she who fell! when? how? beware!
No, no, speak out at once, that my full heart
May meet it, and may share with thee in all.
In all . . . . but that one thing.
It was a dream.
We may share all.
They live: both live:
O say it!

Electra. The Gods have placed them from us, and there rolls
Between us that dark river. . . . .

Orestes. Blood! blood! blood!

I see it roll; I see the hand above it,
Imploring; I see *her*.
Hiss me not back
Ye snake-hair'd maids! I will look on; I will
Hear the words gurgle thro' that cursed stream,
And catch that hand . . that hand . . which slew my father!
It cannot be . . . . how could it slay my father?
Death to the slave who spoke it! . . . . slay my father!
It tost me up to him to earn a smile—
And was a smile then such a precious boon,
And royal state and proud affection nothing?
Aye, and you too, Electra, she once taught
To take the sceptre from him at the door—
Not the bath-door, not the bath-door, mind that!—
And place it in the vestibule, against
The spear of Pallas, where it used to stand.
Where is it now? methinks I missed it there.
How we have trembled to be seen to move it!
Both looking up, lest that stern face should frown,
Which always gazed on Zeus right opposite.
Oh! could but one tear more fall from my eyes,
It would shake off those horrid visages,

And melt them into air.

I am not your's,

Fell Goddesses! A just and generous Power,

A bright-hair'd God, directed me.

And thus

Abased is he whom such a God inspired?—

(After a pause.)

Into whose kingdom went they? did they go

Together?

Electra. Oh! they were not long apart.

Orestes. I know why thou art pale; I know whose head

Thy flowerlike hands have garlanded; I know

For whom thou hast unbraided all thy love.

He well deserves it . . . . he shall have it all.

Cheer, cheer thee, my Electra! I am strong,

Stronger than ever, fire, steel, adamant,

But cannot bear thy brow upon my neck,

Cannot bear these wild writhings, these loud sobs. . . . .

By all the Gods! I think thou art half-mad. . . . .

I must away . . . . follow me not . . . . stand there!

STANZAS.

BY HENRY TAYLOR, ESQ.

Soft be the voice and friendly that rebukes
The error of thy way,
For sickness hath the summer of thy looks
Touched with decay.

Now may be pardoned, even for Virtue's sake,
Words of less gall than grief—
The warning of Autumnal winds that shake
The yellowing leaf.

They bid thee, if thou leav'st thy bloom behind,
Bethink thee to repair
That ravage, and the aspect of thy mind
To make more fair.

Let not thy loss of brightness be a loss,
Which might be countless gain,
If from thy beauty it should purge the dross,—
Eat out the stain.

Then beauty with pure purposes allied,
Would'st thou account—to lift
Men's minds from worldliness and pride—
A trust, not gift.—

Oh! may thy sickness sanative to thee,
Bring thee to know that trust!
That so thy soul may to thy beauty be
Not less than just.

THE PASSION-FLOWER,

A SONNET,

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE, BART.

ART thou a type of beauty or of power,
Of sweet enjoyment, or disastrous sin?
For such thy name denoteth, Passion-flower.
Oh no! thy pure corolla's depth within,
We trace a holier symbol: yea, a sign
'Twixt God and man! a record of that hour
When the expiatory act divine
Cancell'd the curse that was our mortal dower.

It is the Cross! never hath Psalmist's tongue
Fitlier of hope to human frailty sung,
Than this mute teacher in a floret's breast.
A star of guidance the wild woods among,
A page with more than letter'd lore imprest,
A beacon to the havens of the Blest!

DIDO'S ANSWER TO ÆNEAS IN HADES.

BY FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, ESQ.

These Verses are founded on the dreary Homeric notion of a future state, according to which nothing but mere being remained to the Dead.

I KNOW thee—yet no quickening thrill
  Glides through the icy breast of death:
The shadowy veins are cold and still,
  The silent tide of seeming breath
Is regular and tranquil as before:
I loved thee once—but the dead feel no more.

The chill blue lake of Acheron,
Whose flood has never moved at all:
The dim grey forest, overgrown
With withered leaves which do not fall;
The still mist seated on the herbless ground;
The numb sky barren of all light and sound;

These are not merely dreams, the spawn
Of Chaos and unmeaning Fate,
But pictured types around us drawn
To image forth Man's inward state,
As soon as Time, ebbing in giant waves,
Has rolled him down through Death's unsounded caves.

The earth, the air, the sea, the sky,
Lovely in unrelaxing change,
With deepest harmonies reply
To Life in all her boundless range:
Even so accords this wan, unmoving gloom
With what our spirits are beyond the tomb.

You ask me to forgive—'Tis vain,—
We have not here the human will;
Nor feelings now, nor powers remain,
To wish thee either good or ill:
The shapes that sail around care not for thee;
I am the same with them and they with me.

Once bound for this unchanging place,
One solemn change all undergo;
Though still ourselves, we lose all trace
Of that which used to make us so:
One vast and shadowy soul diffused in each,
Gives us our phantom thought and dreaming speech.

Pass on, then, through this pulseless deep,
Home to the eddying world of man;
There love and hate, rejoice and weep,
And hurry through thy little span:
For earth must close above thee—and this orb
Into its dim monotony thy soul absorb.

MUTE COURTSHIP.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

Love hath a language of his own,—
A voice, that goes
From heart to heart,—whose mystic tone
Love only knows.

The lotus-flower, whose leaves I now
Kiss silently,
Far more than words will tell thee how
I worship thee.

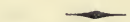
The mirror, which to thee I hold,—
Which, when imprest
With thy bright looks, I turn and fold
To this fond breast,—

Doth it not speak, beyond all spells
Of poet's art,
How deep thy hidden image dwells
In this hush'd heart?

CASTLE ASHBY, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

A SONNET,

BY THE REV. G. S. CAUTLEY.



Upon a green and sunny eminence
Stands a fair castle, rear'd in those old days
Which foster'd England with the stedfast blaze
Of her Elizabeth's magnificence.
No hanging bartizan proclaims defence,
Nor thunder-throated cannon hath a place
On flanking turret, or the curtain's space
Arcaded with Italia's elegance.

But, where grim battlements are wont to frown,
The pious architect, with sculpture rare,
A psalm hath letter'd in the massive stone:
The graven Scripture peoples the blest air
With holiest thoughts; these the eye calleth down
To teach the heart security thro' prayer.

THE SPINNING MAIDEN'S CROSS.

BY THE REV. W. WHEWELL.

A Gothic cross of the architecture of the thirteenth century, somewhat resembling Queen Elinor's crosses in England, stands at a little distance outside the city of Vienna, and is commonly called "Die Spinnerinn am Kreuz."

BENEATH Vienna's ancient wall
Lie level plains of sand,
And there the pathway runs of all
That seek the Holy Land.

And from the wall a little space,
And by the trodden line
Stands, seen from many a distant place,
A tall and slender shrine.

It seems, so standing there alone,
To those who come and go,
No pile of dull unconscious stone,
But touched with joy or wo.

Seems to the pilgrim on his way,
A friend that forth hath set,
The parting moment to delay,
And stands and lingers yet.

While to the long-gone traveller
Returning to his home,
It seems with doubtful greeting there
Of joy and sorrow come.

Smiles have been there of beaming joy,
And tears of bitter loss,
As friends have met and parted by
The Spinning Maiden's cross.

Young Marg'ret had the gentlest heart
Of all the maidens there,
Nor ever failed her constant part
Of daily toil and prayer.

But when the Sabbath morn had smiled
And early prayer was o'er,
Then Marg'ret, gentle, still, and mild,
Had happiness in store.—

For then with Wenzel side by side,
In calm delight she stray'd,
Amid the Prater's flowery pride,
Or in the Augarten's shade.

" Gretchen belovèd, Gretchen dear,
" Bright days we soon shall see;
" My Master, Lord of Löwethier,
" Will link my lot with thee.

" And there, upon the Kahlen's swell,
" Where distant Donau shines,
" He gives a cot where we shall dwell
" And tend his spreading vines."

Though joy through Margaret sent a thrill,
And at her eyes ran o'er,
Few words she spoke for good or ill,
Nor Wenzel needed more.

But when again the Sabbath bell
Had struck on Wenzel's ear,
A sadder tale had he to tell,
And Margaret to hear.

" Gretchen belovèd, Gretchen dear,
" Joy yet;—but patience now;
" My Master, Lord of Löwethier
" Has bound him with a vow.

" And he must to the Holy Land,
" Our Saviour's tomb to free;
" And I and all his faithful band
" Must with him o'er the sea."

A swelling heart did Margaret press,
But calm was she to view:
Meekly she bore her happiness,
Her sorrow meekly too.

Her solitary Sabbaths brought
A prayer, a patient sigh,
As on the Holy Land she thought,
Where saints did live and die.

But from the Holy Land soon came
Returning pilgrims there,
And heavy tidings brought with them
For Margaret's anxious ear.

For Wenzel is a captive made
In Paynim dungeon cold,
And there must lie till ransom paid
A hundred coins of gold.

Alas for Margaret! should she spin,
And all her store be sold,
In one long year she scarce could win
A single piece of gold.

Yet love can hope through good and ill,
When other hope is gone;
Shall she who loves so well be still,
And he in prison groan?

She felt within her inmost heart
A strange bewildered swell;
Too soft to break with sudden start,
Too gentle to rebel.

And what she hoped or thought to earn
Poor Margaret never knew,
But on her distaff oft she'd turn
A thoughtful, hopeful view.

And by the stone where last they met
Each day she took her stand;
And twirled the thread till daylight set
With unremitting hand.

Her little store upon the stone
She spread to passers-by;
And oft they paused and gazed upon
Her meek and mournful eye.

And e'en from those who had but few
Full oft a coin she won,
And faster far her treasure grew
Than e'er her hopes had done.

Through shine and rain, through heat and snow
Her daily task she plied;
And wrought for two long twelvemonths so,
And then she gently died.

They took the treasure she had won,
Full many a varied coin,
And o'er the stone where she had spun
They raised that shapely shrine.

And still Vienna's maids recall
Her meekly-suffered loss,
And point the fane beneath the wall—
The Spinning Maiden's Cross.

'TWAS A LONG TIME AGO.

VERSES FOR MUSIC.

BY MISS CHENEY.

THERE is sadness in the thought
"'Twas a long time ago"—
Mournful is the lesson taught,
Drear the changes that are wrought
Since "a long time ago."

Words the heart have dearly cost,
"'Twas a long time ago"—
Do hours of joy or sorrow most
Recall the many loved and lost
Since "a long time ago?"

Follies past and faults surround,
" 'Twas a long time ago"—
Memory when she wakes to wound,
Seeks for comfort in the sound,
" 'Twas a long time ago."

Yet is sadness in the word
" Twas a long time ago"—
Though lightly spoke and lightly heard,
Dark are the thoughts and fancies stirr'd
By " a long time ago."

THE SQUIRE'S WELL.

CRATHOE WOODS, CLARE, IRELAND.

BY S. AUGUSTUS O'BRIEN, ESQ.

I.

Traveller, many a weary hour
Wandering o'er flood and fell,
Come from the heat of the noonday's power,
Drink of the Squire's Well.

II.

Cool to thy lips and burning brow,
Pleasant the draught shall come,
Sweet as the thoughts of those who now
Wait to bid thee welcome home.

III.

Maid, can I name a name to thee
Dearer than words can tell,
Bend o'er the brink and thou shalt see
Thy blush in the Squire's Well.

IV.

Then drink, and that its gentle stream
Each fear and doubt may cure,
Know, thou to thy Love like it dost seem,
Bright, beautiful, and pure.

V.

With anxious heart and questioning mind,
Man, do thy thoughts rebel?
Stoop for a while 'neath the trees reclined,
Drink of the Squire's Well.

VI.

It will tell thee, though its voice be dumb,
If the skies are mirror'd here,
Oh doubt not thou that there soon shall come
An hour that makes all things clear.

VII.

Then go, and with heart and mind at peace,
Remembering what here befell,
Wish for thy fellows thoughts like these,
And a draught from the Squire's Well.

THE POOR POET TO HIS PURSE,

THE WORK AND GIFT OF THREE SISTERS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

Hail! Hail!
Thou levity of levities! Thou empty purse!
Thou sieve of gold-dust, were there aught to fall:
Of genius and of fancy thou dry nurse:
Thee, by what name endearing shall I call,
Embalming thee in verse?
Oh! how I love thy radiant hue and matter,
But only wish thy form a little, little fatter.

II.

A little roundness would become thee much,
For truth to say, thou'rt very, very thin:
Thy mouth is small: in sooth it should be such,
Useless if large—when nothing e'er goes in.
I would not have thee like an alderman,
With huge rotundity of form and chin;
But I must own indeed, to see the ninnies,
Dull prosy folks, who neither will nor can
The muses serve, have purses full of guineas,
This grieves my heart, and makes me bold to express
The wish, that thy smooth, silky prettiness,
Held something more than air and emptiness.

III.

Phœbus had golden hair,
'Twas all the gold he e'er possess'd,
But then he had a very flashy air,
And in his dishabille was thought well dress'd.
Alas! 'twould cost much money now-a-days,
To make hat, coat, and trowsers of green bays!

IV.

We Poets yet,
As was Apollo erst, are poor—
He ran in debt
We may be sure,
And never paid the coachmaker his bill,
Who furnish'd him his Phaëton:
And we, his sons, can testify that still
Pactolus is not Helicon!

V.

Dear Purse, my song returns to thee,
Thou creature of my patronesses three!
I gaze admiring on thy silken sheen,
Thy rings vandyked, thy pendent glossy ends,
Thy meshes intricate of blue and green,
Thou proof the Muses and the Graces are good friends.
Another proof less pleasing dost thou yield:
Purses are sooner made than fill'd!—

VI.

Farewell, my purse, farewell!
To other themes I tune my lyre,

For gold my verse disdains to swell,
To wealth my thoughts no more aspire.
Let laurels twine around my head,
My country echo to my fame;
Although my home may be a shed,
And tatters clothe my shivering frame!
Alas! poor Purse! my glory still may be—
Empty, like thee!

INFANT BAZAAR.

BY PROFESSOR SMYTH.

These verses, sold for the benefit of a Bazaar, have not been otherwise published.

See visitor! to catch thine eyes,
What'er the pencil can express,
What'er the fancy can devise
In toy, in trinket, or in dress.

Yet pleased, while thus thou see'st displayed
Of lady labours such a store,
Say, find'st thou here a vain parade
Of beauteous trifles nothing more?

Oh let my verse to thee the tale
Of all our mimic traffic tell,
And let thy generous thoughts prevail,
Thy generous thoughts will counsel well.

For hence shall rise the simple dome,
Where knowledge shall impart a ray
To bless the labourer's evening home,
And holier make his Sabbath-day.

The helpless child from sloth set free,
From vice, and all her reckless train,
Shall hence be taught what sure shall be,
Nor useless skill, nor learning vain.

Oh pause and think what 'tis to know
Our duty well, and well perform,—
What 'tis with Christian hope to glow,
When life grows dark with wintry storm.

Thy luxuries of show and dress
  May oft thy heart but ill repay,
While after-thoughts will surely bless
  The passing bounty of to-day.

The bounty that to Ignorance blind
  In pity shown, and wisdom given,
Is riches to the poor man's mind,
  And love from earth, and light from Heaven.

SONNET

ON THE STUDENTS WHO WERE LEAVING COLLEGE AT HAILEYBURY FOR INDIA.

BY THE REV. CHARLES TOWNSEND.

For various ends each change of clime is plann'd—
For wealth, or pleasure, or the lofty sway
Of proud ambition; yet a purer ray
Now guides our Pilgrims from their native strand;
E'en as Æneas seeks the appointed land,
Or Terah's son, in joyful faith, to obey
The call to Canaan—their firm hearts display
A prompt obedience to the dark command:

Submissive wanderers from all homeborn ties
Of Friend, of Field, of Streamlet, or of Wood,
Through transient tears which cloud their thoughtful Eyes
Gleam cheering visions of their Country's good;
And patriot Hopes o'er Ocean's threats prevail,
As calm for worlds remote they spread the sail.

JULIA'S DREAM.

EXTRACTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

BY MISS A. BRADSTREET.

Methought, I walk'd
Alone through that old gallery, and talk'd
With all the ancient pictures one by one:
And question'd them of what they might have done
When they were living—even as I live now!
And many an armed man, with serious brow,
Mutter'd his warlike story, as I stood
Thrilling to hear, of bigotry and blood—
And one his sword pull'd out, as if to battle,
So fiercely, that I heard his armour rattle.
These men were all of Cromwell's train—and had
Noble but tarnish'd faces, stern and sad.
Then came a row of ladies, mincing out
Their lover's names—but some had died without
Acknowledg'd love—and one with sun-bright hair
(In the true gallery is not one so fair)

Died in her bloom; and when she told me this,
With a pale smile bending my cheek to kiss,
She said, " And so shalt thou."—Then went I on
Trembling, till through them all I had nearly gone,
And to the Cavalier of Charles's band
I came.—He had no halbert in his hand,
But a small book with silken leaves—and when
I paus'd, was writing with a silver pen
Love ditties.—Somewhat in his cheek and eye
So tender was, the memory makes me sigh!
Likest he was, methinks, to one whose face
Though seldom seen, my thoughts distinctly trace
As it were painted.—We first met beneath
The ancient porch one Sabbath morn—a wreath
Of wild rose gather'd in the fields he flung
Under my feet, and when in church I sung
That solemn hymn for peace, his voice to mine
Link'd itself in low harmonies divine:
(Oh, sweeter voice than ever man possest
Before!) the trembling rapture in my breast
It seem'd to answer, till I blush'd to hear
Its meaning in that holy atmosphere.—

They said he was our enemy—I know
Not why I dream'd of him, but it was so;—
Ah! had I known I only dream'd! for then
I might have gazed on beauty which again
I never may behold—but in a dream
Things strange and false so naturally seem
To happen, that as if awake my look
Fell from his face ashamed into his book;
And so he turn'd it towards me, and I read
"To Julia." Then with troubled soul I fled,
But pitying look'd behind—and therewithal
He stepp'd from that old framework on the wall
And came to me: I saw him not, for pride
And pleasure made me turn my face aside,
But all the way I felt his breathing steal
In at mine ear, and could the pressure feel
Of a warm hand, affectionate, that strove
To win me back to listen to his love.
We hurried on.—Methought, my trembling feet
Carried me swiftly—what I felt was sweet,
But it was sad. Now were we dark and deep
In forests, that as if they were asleep

Droop'd heavily, and all their boughs were wet,
For never sun had been upon them yet:
Lowly they murmur'd, gathering to a roar
Like Ocean tumbling on a rocky shore—
And with that sound the Ocean's self appear'd;
But we were on a cliff that proudly rear'd
Its white face to the west, and though there seem'd
A tumult of loud waves, the moonlight gleam'd
As on a sea of glass—serene and clear;
Through it the bottom you could see quite near,
Though countless fathoms deep.—Then from my side
Methought that youth fell headlong; petrified
With horror as I stood, I saw him go
Down to the deepest of the depths below:
And lying there, the pale green waves beneath,
His hue was of a ghastly white, his breath
Seem'd gone in the few bubbles that flew up
To the smooth top like silver.—Then the cup
Of anguish overflow'd my heart like fire,
And I too seem'd to fall and to expire,
Whirling in frightful rings, until the gush
Of water in my mouth and ears, the rush

Of the sea-monsters past me, and the frown
Of wat'ry deaths measured my coming down,
And I went deeper than my lover went;—
But him I saw like a lank weed that's rent
From ocean caves, floating above my head,
His arms in long fantastic motion spread
Hither and thither, as the waves unwound
Or wrapp'd them, so that misery and the sound
Of my own sobbing woke me—then I turn'd
My face in my wet pillow, and I mourn'd
To see his face again, and shunn'd the flashing
Of the unwelcome day—for still seem'd dashing
The sea about mine ears, and so I wept
Myself into my dream again and slept.—

Then on a gloomy plain I seem'd to stand,
'Twas Ocean's lowest bed of snow-white sand,
Beaten by the world-deep billows into hard
And marbled smoothness, and with crystals starr'd.
It was too deep for life—I nothing found
Save a white skeleton, while all around
There was a tremulous silence.—

SONNET

ON READING AN OLD ENGLISH BOOK.

BY SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

These are the mighty foot-prints that report
The giant form of antique Literature.
Sinews Herculean, proportions pure,
Strength or agility for strife or sport,
Dexterity in fence, grace for the court,
No meretricious jargon, to allure,
Wrote these of old, but language to endure
The stern regards of Time. Ill ye assort
With that undying philosophic spirit
Which breathes in these worn pages, who deride
Their scant reward of praise. Well they inherit
The fame of a great Era, when the pride
Of nations was in all things, loyalty,
And trust in God, and magnanimity.

REZIA.

AN INTERLUDE FOR MUSIC.

WRITTEN FOR PRIVATE REPRESENTATION, AND FOR PARTICULAR PERSONS.

BY THE LADY DACRE.

The scene lies at Bassora on the Persian Gulf.

REZIA	*A Persian Princess.*
ZILIA, SHIREEN	*Circassian Slaves.*
SELIM	*A Circassian Youth.*
OSMIN	*A Slave Merchant.*

(Rezia is discovered in a pensive attitude, with attendant slaves, who are amusing her with instrumental music.—To them, Osmin)—

Osmin. Persia's Princess, weep no more
Thy favorite Miriam's doom,
Untimely snatched by cruel Death,
In prime of early bloom.

Fair slaves, from far Circassia's shore
We bring, who may supply
Her loss in Rezia's Anderûn,
With her in service vie.

Rezia. Thanks, Osmin, for thy duteous care:—
Let the Circassian slaves draw nigh,
Great thy reward, should either maid
To Rezia, Miriam's loss supply.

Osmin. A captive youth of dauntless brow
And spirit uncontrolled,

We, to a Merchant of Stamboul,
For rich tomauns have sold;

And her thou may'st reject, we doom
Alike the merchant's prize;
They wait without to read their fate
In beauteous Rezia's eyes.

Rezia. Bring in the maids and captive youth,—
Methinks, I fain would see
One of a spirit uncontrolled,
So reckless, bold, and free.

(The slaves are led in, chained, and bow down before Rezia. Selim stands apart, indignant. Rezia raises the two Circassians graciously.)

SONG.

Rezia. Ye fair Circassians, droop not thus,
Nor proudly scowl, bold youth, apart;
For Rezia's chains are light to bear,
Nor strange to pity Rezia's heart.

Fair slaves, whiche'er I choose shall be
With coral, pearls and gems arrayed;
The heaviest toil I shall impose
To wreathe my flowers, my tresses braid.

SONG.

Zil., Shir. & Selim. Can coral, pearls, and gems avail
To deck the chains of slavery?

Selim. Away proud fair,
Zil. & Shir. Thanks, gentle fair, } thou hast no power
O'er spirits not afraid to die.

(Rezia takes Zilia by the hand, and leading her from the rest, looses her chains, and hangs ornaments round her neck.)

Rezia. My choice is made. This open brow
Bespeaks a pure and tender soul:
(To Selim, placing Shireen by his side.)
Proud youth, thou may'st depart and lead
This fair companion to Stamboul.

Osmin (endeavouring to lead them away.)

Away, now sings the favouring gale,
The wavelets leap the vessel's side;
The seamen spread the fluttering sail,
Light dancing on the swelling tide.

Selim (departing reluctantly and gazing on Zilia, rushes back.)

Ever still will I adore thee,
Though wide seas between us roll;
Each fond thought shall hover o'er thee,
And thy image fill my soul:

Morning breaking on the ocean
Will thy opening graces wear,
And with Evening's last devotion
I will breathe thy name in prayer.

Tossing sad mid waters boundless
While for thee I live,
Wilt thou, dear one, give
A sigh, a tear, to me?

Is the thought tormenting, groundless?—
Yes, I read thine eye—
Faithful I again shall clasp thee
Ere I die.

Zil. & Sel. Dearer than myself I hold thee,
Thine alone I live!
My sighs—my tears—I give,—
My life—my soul—to thee!
To the free-born mind is sweeter
Death than slavery!

Selim. Then Zilia } knowing thou { art } free,
Zilia. Blest Selim } { wert }
Selim. Blest I }
Zilia. I could } die.

Osmin (*impatient.*) Haste ye, haste! the Merchant waits ye,
Chafing at this long delay;
The vessel bounding on the billows
Dashes round the glittering spray.
(Shireen breaks from him and kneels to Selim.)

SONG.

Shireen. Shall this pale cheek no pity claim,
That thou wert wont to swear
Might opening damask roses shame?
Ah, if that hue no more it wear,
Thine, cruel, be alone the blame
Who hung wan lilies there.

And is this eye with tears o'erfraught,
To thine no longer known?
This eye that read the tender thought
Erewhile soft trembling in thine own?
By thee, alas! to weep since taught,
And all its lustre flown.

Thou, who hast clouded with despair,
My joyous break of day,
And blighted what to thee seemed fair,
Youth's mantling bloom and smile so gay—
Tear from my heart, in pity tear,
The power to love away.

Selim. Know, sad Shireen, a boy's light vows
Are but an empty sound;
The heart, that idly wooed thy charms
When Nature laughed around,
By holier, deeper, dearer thoughts,
To Zilia's love is bound.

Rezia (taking Shireen by the hand compassionately.)
Weep not, Shireen, poor, luckless maid!
No longer love, unloved;
In friendship's milder, gentler bonds,
A calmer joy is proved.
(Draws Shireen towards her, and adorns her with gems, &c. and then places Zilia by Selim's side.)

Rezia (to Osmin.) Take, Osmin, take these pearls, this gold—
These jewels—all I own!
And bid the merchant of Stamboul
Put forth to sea alone.
(The Slaves kneel and kiss Rezia's hand.)

Chorus of Slaves. At thy feet, see, Persia's princess,
Willing slaves by thee subdued!
Freedom wears with pride the fetters
Forged by love and gratitude!

Rezia (with them.) Doubly blest in fortune's favours
They who bliss around bestow!
Sweet and light the equal bondage
Fond and grateful bosoms know!

THE CURTAIN DROPS.

TO * * * *

IMPROMPTU,

BY THE MARCHESE SPINETO.

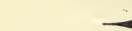
La benda lacera,
Tutto sconvolto,
Amor di lagrime
Bagnava il volto.
Mostrava l' omero
Inerme e scarco,
Che rotto Venere
Aveagli l' arco.
Ciò a te ben devesi,
Empio, gridai;
A Te che nuocere
Altro non sai.

Si volge, mirami,
Si acciglia, e tace:
Ma dentro l' anima
Non trova pace.
Su fiori il gomito
Appoggia, e il canto,
Dormir dissimula
Ma veglia intanto.
Quindi in un subito
Si leva, e irato
Grida, Vittoria:
L'arco è trovato.
L'arco infallibile
Che val per mille,
E l' adorabile
Ciglio di Fille.
Disse; e scoccandomi
Un dardo al core,
" Or vanne, e lagnati"
Gridò, " d' Amore."

THE BOY AND THE DOLPHIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE HALIEUTICS OF OPPIAN.

BY THE REV. H. H. MILMAN.



Still on the Æolian shore the tale is sung,
No ancient tale, but still in living memory young,
The island Boy how once the Dolphin loved:
Nor ever from those hallowed waters roved,
But dwelt a denizen of that smooth bay,
Basked in its waves, or in its cool depths lay.
Of youths the fairest he, the islands grace,
The fish the swiftest of the watery race.
Day after day, along the crowded shore,
Still would the island's wondering thousands pour.
Light to his boat the Boy would spring, alone,
Call the familiar name to both well known,

The name from childhood's earliest hours endeared:
Swift as an arrow when that voice he heard,
The silver dolphin gleamed beside the deck;
Fawned with his tail, and curled his glittering neck.
Fain would he touch the Boy, with motion bland
Who smoothed him down, and soft caressing hand,—
Then leaped the Boy within the yielding tide,
And lo! the loving dolphin by his side—
And cheek to cheek, and side to side he prest,
And curled and gleamed and glided o'er his breast.
He seemed as he would fondly kiss his face,
Or gently fold him in his cool embrace.
Soon as the shore they neared, the youth bestrode
His scaly back, and there in triumph rode.
Still where would guide the blithe and sportive Boy,
The obedient fish went bounding in his joy,
Now where the deeper billows heave and roar,
Now gently glide along the quiet shore.
Nor e'er might skilful charioteer command
A steed more docile to his mastering hand:
Nor at the hunter's beck, the well-trained hound,
Track the fleet prey, and scent the tainted ground.

Nor half so swift, the obsequious slaves, that wait
Around some awful king's imperial state,
As this unbridled Dolphin would obey
His self-chosen master's light and easy sway.
Nor him alone—all toil at his behest
Was pleasure—him to serve was to be blest.
So, each in turn, his blithe companions rode,
And light the Dolphin bore the unwonted load.

Such all his life the faithful love he bore,—
But the Boy died.—Then all along the shore
Was sadly seen the mourning fish to roam:
At first seem'd wondering that he did not come,
And searched each nook, each creviced rock in vain—
Ye almost heard his feeble voice complain.
Nought heeded he the crowds along the sands,
Nor took the offered food from stranger hands.
Then far he fled to the great deep, nor more
Was seen to haunt that sad and widowed shore.
Nor long survived his dear, his human mate,—
He shared his living sports, and shared his fate.

THE TOMBS OF THE SCALIGERS,

VERONA.

BY R. H. CHENEY, ESQ.

WHERE Verona's towers look down
On the vallies once her own,
Though her glory long has fled,
And the crown has left her head,
Traveller, there thou still may'st trace
Relics of a royal race.
Many a marble tomb is there.
Many a niche of sculpture rare,
Many a fretted canopy,
Where in death the mighty lie,
Princes of a race gone by.

In that lofty pillar'd shrine
Rests the chief of Scala's line:
There to guard the holy ground,
Sainted warriors stand around,
Imaged in the sculptured stone:
Soldiers they of Christ alone,
Who, their Christian warfare done,
Wear the crown their valour won.
On the mimic mail impressed,
Still the cross adorns each breast;
And aloft each martial hand,
Raises still his threatening brand,
Swift to slay, and strong to save,
Meet to guard the warrior's grave.

They have borne this mortal coil,
Stained by blood and worn by toil;
They have known the passions' force,
Which beset the warrior's course,
Envy, hate, and wrath, and fear,
Vainly dogg'd their bright career;

Thirst of power and love of gain
Spread their gilded snares in vain:
They have triumph'd over sin,
Frauds without and lusts within.
They who stood the best can tell
How to pity those who fell.
Saintly band a blessing crave
For a brother-warrior's grave.

Soon, his race of glory run,
Low has sunk La Scala's sun;
High he kept his heavenly way,
Bright his noon, but brief his day,
Nor one lingering gleam of light
Has left to gild the coming night.
All La Scala's power and pride
These frail and mouldering marbles hide;
And the stranger's iron hand
Rules La Scala's conquered land.

Hero saints upraised on high
Models to man's wavering eye,
How to live, and how to die,
Rouse ye now the wise and brave,
Warn them from the Warrior's grave,
That the Warrior's crown to share
They the Warrior's fate must dare—
You who would be Freedom's friends,
Learn how pure are Freedom's ends.
Selfish aims those ends obscure not,
Guilty means those ends secure not,
Foreign aids those ends endure not—
By patriot hands her work is wrought,
By patriot blood her triumphs bought.
You who would be great and free
First must merit Liberty,
Then shall you Freedom's banner wave
And proudly seek a Warrior's grave.

A FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

EXTRACTED FROM A MANUSCRIPT POEM.

BY MISS A. BRADSTREET.

As the soft air that cradled round
A springing Rose-tree, and unwound
With genial warmth and bland caress,
Each tender germ of loveliness—
So was my love to thee, my child!
Fulfilling glad the ministry
Of bounteous Providence to thee.

As opening roses, zephyr-born,
Gives up a sweeter frankincense,
Than fills the breast of orient morn,
Where spice-trees odorous dews dispense—
So is thy love to me, my child!
Shaking its earliest treasury
Into the heart that nourish'd thee.

THE FROGS AND THE STORK.

A MIRTHFUL TRAGEDY,

IN ONE ACT.

The Scene is laid in Thessaly, and comprises a considerable portion of that Province towards the N.E. In the centre of the Stage rises Mount Olympus, between the foot of which and the Orchestra, and bounded by the wings, is extended the low marshy district watered by the Peneus, and sundry other streams of inferior note.

Time and space are not taken into consideration.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JUPITER	*Olympian, Capitoline, Stator, Ammon, &c. &c., King of Frogs and Men.*
MERCURY	*Son of Maia, his Valet de Chambre.*
LOG	*First King of the Frogs.*
STORK	*Second ditto.*
STICK-I'-THE-MUD, SPECKLEBELLY .	*Great Men among the Frogs.*
SUNDRY FROGS . . .	*Names ad libitum.*
GANYMEDE, EAGLE, &c.	*According to convenience.*

ACT FIRST AND LAST.

SCENE FIRST AND LAST.

(Jupiter discovered on the summit of Olympus seated at a table of Dodona Oak, upon which lies a bundle of new thunderbolts. Mercury in attendance. At the foot of the Mountains are seen picturesque groupes of Frogs diverting themselves in various manners.

Jup. Tell Vulcan he's an ass, those bolts of his
Are soft as butter, nought but smoke and whiz;

'Tis well those roaring Radicals the Titans
Made their attack when we'd a batch of right ones;
By Styx how they would shake their ugly sides
To feel such trash as this against their hides!
Pray was that Juno's bell?

Mer. Oh Great Sire, no,
Her Majesty went out an hour ago
In the new peacock chair to call at Samos,
And visit Carthage which they say is famous—
Palace bran new, and Queen to match, the Sea . . .

Jup. Peace boy; her absence is enough for me.
I care not where she's gone, so fate allows
An hour of respite from my scolding spouse.
Oh Hermes, I am weary, let's have fiddles,
Or stay, a batch of Sphinx's newest riddles.
But hark!——

(Frogs during the above Dialogue have gradually relinquished their sports, and have been observed to pass through the different stages of languid dejection, animating hope, and inspiring resolution, at which final crisis they burst forth into a simultaneous croak.)

What queezy, wheezy notes are thrown
From yonder fen, between a croak and groan?

Mer. It is the frogs, great Sire, upon the swampy plain
With an address, I take it they want rain.

Chorus of Frogs.

From marsh and bog, from pool and fen,
Ten thousand snouts are reared on high,
Ten thousand throats of speckly green
Echo in croaking symphony
Brékekekex, koáx, koáx,
Give us a King, give us a tax.
There's Neptune,—great Jupiter Ammon—
The King of Trout, Gudgeon and Salmon,
There's the Eagle o'er every pinion
Exerts his unbridled dominion,
While the Lion in state
Wears a Crown on his pate,
And calls e'en the Elephant minion.
Shall the Frogs ever famed for their loyalty
Thus live without shadow of royalty?
Oh harken, great Jupiter Stator!
While e'en Bees have a Queen
Sure it give us the spleen
This atrocious republican nature.

Oh reflect, mighty King of Olympus,
Of what elegant doings you scrimp us;
Not a drawing-room here, not a levee a year;
No garters and stars when we come from the wars;
No Court presentations, no edicts to nations,
No royal assent when the money's all spent;
No Poet Laureate or Physicians,
No splendidly-got-up petitions,
No dinners cabinet with endless courses,
No Coaches with a dozen Horses,
No Placemen, no prime Minister,
No posts to make the guineas stir;
In short, no grandeur or regalia,
And all attempts at pomp a failure.
Then hear us, Jove Capitoline!
Nor suffer us with grief to pine,
Us, your own, your faithful Frogs,
Flabby stewards of your bogs,
From the green mud softly croaking,
Slimily on duckweed soaking,
Or along the broad flag swarming,
Or on lily-islands warming

Our capacious golden sides,
While the Sun meridian rides;
Weary joyance, listless peace,
Dull satiety of ease,
Palling on the heart and eye,
Hopeless mediocrity!
Realms without glory, without name,
Prospect, retrospect or aim.
Then, oh King of Frogs and Men,
Grant to this our fruitful fen,
Ere o'er us beams another hour,
Grant us a King of stalwart power.

Jup. Ha! ha! these Frogs indeed are wondrous fellows
Thus to exert their greasy leathern bellows,
For *what?*—but hush, poor mudheads, I've a scheme
Will satisfy full well their crazy dream;
Quick Hermes, hurl them down, a moment's space,
That huge old fig-tree log; there, place, frogs, place.

(Mercury sends the log forthwith flying into the midst of the fen, where it lights with a prodigious splash. The Frogs, having somewhat recovered their presence of mind, swell with a crescendo

chorus the following Address, keeping, however, at a most respectful distance from the object of their adoration.)

Frogs.

Welcome to our peaceful bogs,
Welcome, chief of Jove sent logs!
Whether from old Ida's mount,
Or from bright Dircæan fount,
Or from dark Dodona's wood,
Prophet of the biped brood!
Hail, sublimest Monarch hail!
Let all Frogs before thee quail!
Solemn stillness round thee draws!
How thy sombre grandeur awes!
Doubtless wrapt in meditation
Pondering on thy happy nation,
Happy o'er each earthly thing
In so grandly mild a King.

(After a pause, during which their heads have been most respectfully buried in the mud, some of the most sage and valiant venture to approach nearer the object of their veneration, and with obsequious voice proceed.)

Would your Majesty give ear
To your loyal subjects prayer,
By the shadow on the willow
Three long hours we've watched your pillow,
Not a single nod or smile
Hath been vouchsafed us all the while;
Best of Boles, and Trunks, and Logs,
Answer now your faithful Frogs!

(Frogs form into little coteries, shaking their heads, and exchanging mysterious glances; two advance beyond the rest, with cautious steps and eyes riveted upon the King.)

1*st Frog.* Why Stick-i'-the-mud, I think the King's asleep.

2*d Frog.* 'Fore Jove! he may be,—but let's have a peep.

(They creep up and softly touch the Log.)

1*st Frog.* Sweet, slumb'ring Majesty, awake!
And sooth some slight refreshment take;
A few fat leeches from the gutter,
With slime of eels by way of butter,
A fly or two, our choicest pickle,
Perhaps your royal taste might tickle;
We've mud enough, Sire, I can tell ye,
And choicest puddles thick as jelly.

1*st Frog.* Go nearer, Sloppyfat—

2d Frog. No, you; but stay,
You'll wake him.

1*st Frog.* Bless your claws he's dead as clay.
He's not a croak left in him,—wondrous thing!
That Jove should sends us down a lifeless king.
We are but where we were; alas, alas!
Shall dreams of greatness never come to pass?
Why, what a liege is here! unhappy race!
See how I hop upon your monarch's face!
See how with claws his rugged hide I sting.
A mudbank hath more feeling than your King.

(*The animated patriot, throughout the whole of his speech, suits his actions to his words.*)

Some powers of Erebus, malign and swart,
The counsels of sublime Olympus thwart;—
Then join, my country frogs, e'er daylight's o'er,
Again great Jove's assistance to implore.

(*Chorus of frogs.*)

Once more, from marsh and moor and fen,
Ten thousand snouts are reared on high;

Ten thousand throats of speckly green,
Echo in croaking symphony.
Brékekekéx, koáx, koáx,
Give us a King, give us a tax.
Jove! we thank thy kindly care,
That with a crash of thunder
Thou'st sent us from thy cloudy chair
King Log to make us wonder;
But ah! malicious fate
Stands grinning in the gap
Between us and the state
Of all our glorious hap.
Great Log, tho' most imposing,
With brawny limbs and strength,
Alas for ever dozing,
Reclines his listless length.
In vain we petition to change his condition,
As well might we sue a dead eel in a stew;
Not a symptom he gives us to prove that he lives,
But in silence he bears whatsoever we do.

We've stamped and we've tramped,
We've croaked and we've roared,
But all is in vain,
For our logheaded lord.
Where's now our hoped for Constitution?
Whence now shall crime meet retribution?
Who to Van Dieman's land be sent,
Ah! where's our house of Parliament?
Oh kingless kingdom! woe is me,
I read in dark futurity,
Anarchy's blood-pouring rage,
Defiling thy historic page.
Lo, upon the moonlit bogs,
Hop the murdered phantom Frogs!
Bull and Tree, and barred with black,
I see the graceful Natterjack!
A moment to the moony beam,
Each stretches forth a wizen limb,
Each rolls his eye full shot with blood,
Then plunges headlong in his native mud.
Patriots there bereaved of life,
By hoarse rebellion's thirsty knife!

Then hear us potent son of Saturn,
Of king's the essence, type, and pattern,
Ah! let thy Froggie's humble quest
Be harboured in thy thundering breast,
And send our kingdom to inherit
A King of wisdom, life, and spirit.

(*All fall on their faces.*)

Jup. Now, by my beard, those idiot Frogs
Shall rue the day they spurned our Logs:
Faugh! how their croaks for regal power
Have turned this glass of nectar sour!
Quick, Ganymede, and draw another cork,
And Hermes, send the fools a hungry Stork,
Lean and long necked, bred on Cäyster's creek,
Who has not pecked a morsel for a week.

Mer. Come forth, Cäystrian Stork!—(*Enter Stork.*)

Stork. Qui quá, qui quá!

Mer. Behold your loving subjects; there they are!

(*Pointing to the Frogs, who gaze the while in silent rapture; but upon the Stork flapping his wings and flying towards them with queer noises, they hop off in every direction: Stork*

pursues them behind the scenes, having first devoured sundry of the smaller fry, to the great diversion of the spectators.)

(*Re-enter two of the principal Frogs.*)

1*st Frog.* Oh, Specklebelly, I'm clean out of breath,
Barely escaped the murderous beak of death;
Ah! luckless and thrice luckless race of Frogs!
Why did we spurn the gentle Prince of Logs?
Thrice blest, indeed, had we contented been—
Oh could we all these horrors have foreseen!
We'd clung like leeches to our former state;
But now, repentance comes a day too late!
My Speckly, these indeed are fearful days,
When tyrant monarchs on their subjects graze,
Like cows on mangelwurzel—hark, afar!—
I hear the dreadful sound—the hoarse Qui qua!
Lo here ungrateful we, secure, behind
Our slighted king, may still protection find.

(*They esconce themselves with all due precaution behind the Log.*)

2*d Frog.* My honoured Stick-i'-the-mud, what sights are these;
Ah! how unlike our days of fattening ease!

Would we had perished on that glorious day,
When thou, my Sticky, foremost in the fray,
Sublimely waddled 'gainst the wiskered ranks
Of grim-tailed Shrewmice lining Peneus' banks ;
While green-nosed maidens from the slimy dam,
Waved their webbed hands, and blessed us as we swam.
See now—how legs and toes disjointed lie,
And the whole fen is one huge giblet pie !
My five rich aunts the tyrant squashed, and cousins,—
Good lack ! his highness gulped them down by dozens.
Oh, ever luckless state ! oh, Log, oh, Log !
Would thou once more wert monarch of our bog.

Stork (*approaching from behind the scenes.*)
Qui quá, qui quá.

Frogs. Oh mud and mallows ! there you are !

(*Exeunt, with every symptom of trepidation.*)

(*Enter Stork, who, apparently full-gorged, slowly ascends the Log, and dropping his head upon his breast, composes himself to sleep upon one leg, while Jupiter makes the following harangue.*)

Jup. Poor little fatheads! so they've met their fate,
And dearly earned their longed for regal state!
Let's hope 'twill teach the remnant to advise
Their young posterity in ways more wise;
That *Men* and *Tadpoles*, be they great or small,
When once well off, may rest content withal.

CURTAIN FALLS.

MORNING,

A SONNET.

BY THE REV. JOHN EAGLES.

The little leaves sparkling at the dewy Morn,
Put forth from modest hedge-row into light,
That, when the world is up, shrink back from sight
To the green quiet of some humble thorn,
Delight me more than fields of golden corn,
Or Forests flush'd in Evening's gorgeous might.
So, the pure eyes of Innocence, as bright,
Beam on the world they dare not to adorn.

And their celestial dawning none can tell
But the incorrupt and early worshipper.
They, to whom Nature shines not legible
In simple things—who to their hearts transfer
No virtue—like the Egyptians cannot spell
What their Priest writ in sacred character.

LINES

ON THE RUINS OF THE CHAPEL OF RAVENDALE, LINCOLNSHIRE.

BY MISS POPPLE.

ERE yet the silent finger of decay
Shall o'er thy latest wrecks of beauty creep,
Ere the last mouldering arch be swept away
And leave thy walls an undistinguished heap,
Randale! the Muse would fain her tendrils twine,
To save for Memory's hoard thy falling shrine.

The massy tower, the rich carved Gothic aisle,
Alike with thee, fast fading from the land,
May look with scorn upon thy humble pile,
And to the last in haughty triumph stand;
As some proud sculptured marble rears its head
Above the turf which wraps the meaner dead.

And yet, perhaps, thy record may have fill'd
No space unworthy on the page of Time,
Were but the magic eye of Fancy skill'd
To trace the story of thy olden prime:
To mark the source from which thy structure rose,
Whose ashes now beneath thy shade repose.

Perchance in age remote, some pilgrim lone,
As on the vacant site he musing stood,
Vow'd to his patron saint thy first-laid stone
To expiate some untold deed of blood:
Then at thy lowly shrine repentant wept,
And, when he died, beneath thy pavement slept.

Some red-cross warrior bound to Canaan's shore,
Might raise thy wall to bless his holy zeal,
As on this spot he knelt, and fiercely swore
To quench in Paynim hearts his thirsting steel!
And in ill-sorted union thus combined
The greatest bane and blessing of mankind.

Or, more accordant with the quiet scene,
Some pensive spirit through these vales has stray'd,
And as he view'd thy tufted slope of green,
Wish'd that his relics here in peace were laid.
And on the earth he thus devoutly trod,
He rear'd a fane to virtue and to God.

And though no pealing organ here might sound,
No full-toned choir the swelling anthem raise,
Yet might thy roof for many an age resound
With heart-felt notes of gratitude and praise:
And though no mighty ashes here may rest,
Thy grass may wave o'er many a pious breast.

And though no stately ruin moulder here,
The wild flower clinging round thy simplest stone
Shall be to him who loves thy haunts more dear
Than all the splendours which the proudest own;
For oh! the fields which smiled upon our birth
Exceed to all the fairest spot on earth!

THE KNIGHTS OF ST. JOHN.

William Norton Smyth, son to the Vicar of St. Austle, was found lifeless in his room at Brazen-nose, his Aristotle on the floor by his side. A blood-vessel had broken—apparently from excess of study, under the excitement of an approaching examination. In the writing-case of this amiable and promising youth was found the following Copy of Verses, intended for the Oxford Prize.

* * * * * * *
* * * * * * *

Within the precincts of their rugged isle
A Chapel stood, a sad and solemn pile.
Its column'd aisles, thro' which scarce gleam'd the day,
Were throng'd with chevaliers in long array.

Upon the altar step there kneel'd a knight
Of noble form and valour in the fight:
His heel the spur received, his hand the sword,
His breast the emblem of his dying Lord.
Then, as in dark accoutrement he stood,
The prelate blest that knight in saintly mood.
" Thy sword so bright and glittering, may it be
" The sword of honour and of fame to thee!
" For the high cross, the banner of St. John,
" Through the red battle bear thee bravely on;
" And be thy sable vestment of to-day
" The robe of triumph, or the shroud of clay!
" Thou see'st those time-worn trophies hung on high,
" Thou know'st their proud heraldic blazonry—
" They speak to thee, my son, of battles won
" At Acre and the field of Ascalon."

'Twas night; and not a sound the ear did reach,
Save the rude breaker dashing on the beach;
Or, echoing from the turret far away,
The fitful snatches of the warder's lay.

The moon-beams stream'd on battlement and tow'r,
On the blue waters, and the rock-piled shore.
That night, within the castle walls which frown'd
Like giants, with their stern artillery crown'd,
Slept knight and baron high, the sword and shield
All bright and burnish'd for the battle-field:
That night began the Moslem fleet to pour
Her thousands on the dim and darkening shore:
There scowl'd the swarthy Algerine, and there
The turban'd Turk with naked scymitar.
The chilly night-wind blowing from the deep,
Rous'd the damp drooping banners from their sleep,
While for the battle's spirit-stirring song,
The sea-bird scream'd their silent march along.
And now that countless army, far and wide,
Outstretch'd its ranks along the mountain's side,
And fronted full in battailous array
The fort of Elmo, where the Christians lay.
There many-colour'd tents were pitch'd, and shone
Like birds of varied plumage in the sun.
Their dissonant war-note o'er the mountain rang,
The din of horn and drum, the tambour's clang.

Then oped the cannon's mouth, and bows were bent,
And whizzing bullets through the welkin sent:
And often in the battle's noontide heat,
With furious clash did sword and sabre meet,
As ocean proudly meets the opposing stream
With the curl'd billows and the foam's white gleam.
The Moslem fought for mansions in the sky,
Fairer than e'en the groves of Araby,
Where many an Houri bright in odorous bowers,
With feast and music shall beguile his hours.
With holier views the Knight resign'd his breath,
The cross his solace in the hour of death;
His hope, in robes of peace, and glory's crown,
To chant Hosannas at the Eternal's throne.
Three moons roll sullenly away; and now
The Christians' little force is sinking low.
So mangled and so deadly pale, they seem
The disembodied spectres of a dream.
The feeble finger scarce can grasp the blade,
The frame would stagger at the blow it made:
Yet still do they war on, till not a knight
Has breath to bear his body to the fight.

But whence those corses, slowly drifted on
By wind and wave, red gleaming to the sun?
And why upon the warrior's breast engrav'd
The image of that cross which sinners sav'd?—
'Twas the dark deed of that barbarian horde,
In mockery of the faith their souls abhorr'd.
But little reck'd the lifeless body then
Of the poor weak revenge of savage men,
Upon the rocking billows borne along,
Lull'd by the wild wind's cry, the sea-mew's song.
Brave souls! your race is run, your warfare o'er,
Its perils and its sorrows are no more;
But other eyes in other lands shall view
Tear-water'd cheeks and breaking hearts for you.

Yet not unpunish'd shall the hand molest
The dauntless eagle in his eyry nest.
Though Elmo's fort be fallen, still castles stand,
Still burn their warrior spirits in the land.
Proud tyrant of the East! their God shall smile,
On the brave chieftains of this little isle,

Nor shall thy turban'd myriads e'er prevail
'Gainst arms that bend not, hearts that never fail.

Not such your bearing, Knights, in after day,
When Gaul's great conqueror challenged to the fray;
Nor bore ye, as of old, the hearts of men;—
Where was the valour of your fathers then?
Ye had the moat, the battlement, the tow'r,
Had nature's rock-hewn bulwarks as before—
Your cannon were all frowning on the hill,
But oh! the hero's fire was quench'd and still.
One gun-shot feebly spoke, and scarce a knight
Unsheath'd the falchion to maintain his right.
But ye shall reap in sorrow and in tears
The bitter harvest of the coward's fears.
Degenerate sons of an heroic race,
Deem'd ye the slave retains the freeman's place?
Deem'd ye the foe who gloried in the fall
Of church and convent, tow'r and palace-hall,
Would look with veneration's pious eye
On the fair monuments of chivalry?

Behold where Revolution's wasting flood
Pours o'er the deluged land its stream of blood!
Where is the noble now? Where he who bore
The Mitre, and the priestly vestment wore?
Sorrow and solitude their lot; no friend
In the wide world to comfort and defend:
Their's the cold mockery of that reptile crew,
Who hate a greatness that they never knew.
And such shall be your doom: the spoiler throng
Shall drive you from the shores you ruled so long;
To foreign lands, sad exiles shall you fly,
And eat the bitter bread of poverty;
While in your own lov'd isle each hallow'd stone
That bears imprest the tale of glory gone,
The armorial ensign, and the banner'd wall,
Before the hands of sacrilege shall fall.
Religion throned on high with mitred brow
To unbelieving jester what art thou?
What are ye, titled rank, ancestral fame?—
The enthusiast's dreams, the shadows of a name.
To those whose breasts no sacred ardour fires,
No memory of departed worth inspires,

Who deem that in the light of Reason's ray
Such phantoms of the mind shall melt away.

Yet live there souls with finer feelings fraught
The classic fancy and the liberal thought,—
Souls that can bend in homage due to all
That genius, valour, piety recall,—
Souls that defy the oppressor's iron rod,
Yet venerate the great, their monarch, and their God.

MIDNIGHT THOUGHTS.

A FRAGMENT.

WRITTEN NEAR THE SEA, BY ONE WATCHING A SICK CHILD.

November's wind blows loud and strong,
Sweeping the darkened vales along;
Responsive surges sullen roar,
And foaming lash the troubled shore,
While the pale moon's uncertain light,
Through clouds alternate dim and bright,
Now silvers autumns sickly green,
Now wraps in darkness all the scene:
And hark! from yonder gray-grown tower
Sounds the solemn midnight hour.

The quiet hamlet sunk in sleep
None here uneasy vigils keep,
None wakes but one who wakes to weep.—
To weep, and watch the weary bed
Where suffering childhood leans his head.
Poor boy! thy frighted feverish dream—
That murmuring sob, or startled scream,
Thy throbbing pulse and fiery cheek
Too plainly to my bosom speak—
For ah, would gracious Providence
These ills to infancy dispense,
A helpless innocent to wound,
Unless the cause were elsewhere found?
But hear me! hear, all-pitying Heaven!
If for my faults this stroke is given,
On me thy juster vengeance pour,
And spare my child this painful hour!

* * * * *

THE MINER.

BY MISS D. M. CLEPHANE.

The story on which the following verses are founded, was mentioned in a newspaper, in Spring, 1835, as of recent occurrence in one of the Swedish mines.

They brought him from the dusky mine
With kind but fruitless care;
Yet few at first could hope resign,
He lay so calm and fair.

Strange! from beneath a mass of earth
So heavy and so deep,
The youth should thus be lifted forth
Like living man asleep.

None knew the face, yet was it fair,
Not twenty summers old—
Around the snowy brow the hair
Fell thick in curls of gold.

That earth from taint of all decay
Mortality can screen,
And who might guess how many a day
The body there had been.

The crowding miners gather'd round,
Their garb the stripling wore,
But of them all could none be found
Had seen that face before.

Soon every village wife and maid
Amid the tumult press'd,
Each trembling lest the comely dead
Were him she loved the best.

His was no form to be pass'd by,
No face to be forgot,
Yet of that thronging company
All own'd they knew him not.

" The spirits of the mine with ease
" Can varying shapes assume,
" This form may harbour one of these,
" No tenant of the tomb."

All scatter'd back—a shapeless dread
Turn'd every heart to stone:
Mid a wide circle lay the dead,
In beauty, all alone.

When, piercing through the fearful crowd,
A wrinkled woman old
Crept slowly forth, and scream'd aloud
That visage to behold.

The grief in memory fondly nurst
For threescore years in vain,
From its long numbing torpor burst
To Passion's thrill again.

She was his love! Oh contrast strange
In years, in form, in limb!
Life hath on her wrought drearier change,
Than Death has brought on him.

The pitying crowd was moved to ruth—
All felt the sight appalling,
The bitter burning tears of youth
From such old eye-lids falling.

" Is this the meeting," she exclaimed,
" I sought of Heaven so long?
" The prayer that night and morn I framed?
" Oh, could the wish be wrong?—

" For threescore years of living death
" I've held a fearful strife;
" At times mistrusting of thy faith,
" At others of thy life.

" I have grown old 'mid woes and fears,
" Thou'st slept in youth the while,—
" My cheeks are seam'd with age and tears,
" Thou wear'st thine own sweet smile.

" I've borne the load of life alone,
" Alone, unwept I'll die,
" But in the grave, belovèd one,
" Thou'lt bear me company."

She totter'd—fell—around the dead
Her wither'd arms were thrown;
Her long-toil'd soul its prison fled,
And love with life was gone.

THE IDIOT BOY.

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY THE LATE LADY NORTHAMPTON.

BLAME not the fates, nor call their lot unkind
Whose wants are many, and whose joys confin'd;
For Heaven's best gifts are equal shower'd around,
As vernal dews that bathe the thirsty ground.
On the unjust and just the rain doth fall,
The sun's bright glories shine alike on all;
The ambient air alike its current blows
On rich and poor, on brothers and on foes;—
And Love—the last best gift of bounteous Heaven—
Alike to all the tribes of Earth is given.
Oft deem the chosen few for them alone
The heart received that last and finest tone;—

But, as the dews of Heaven are equal shower'd,
And as the blessed light on all is pour'd,
So Love itself, despite of fate and ill,
Asserts its claim, and holds its empire still.

Far 'mid the ocean waves an island lies,
Around whose summits hyperborean skies
Roll their dark clouds in every gloomy form,
Shaped by the restless workings of the storm;
There, foaming waves assail the time-worn coast,
Against the rocks in madd'ning fury tost;
But still the rocks, more stern and strong than they,
Mock at their force, and cast them back in spray.
Along the isle, huge plains of shifting sand
In arid length their herbless waste expand;
And while the dæmons of the earth and sky
In frolic sport, or sharper enmity
Drift it along, or upwards whirl it high;
No scrog, or sapling tree, or shrub is seen
To interpose one branch of cheerful green;
Till circled by some damp morass's bound,
The sandy deserts change to sinking ground.

On this drear shore a Gothic castle stands,
The work of period rude, and ruder hands;
Mis-shapen turrets, neither round nor square,
Hang midway 'twixt the island and the air,
And crooked walls, from level rule so free,
They seem to stand alone through courtesy;
And here a donjon's huge and dismal pile
Served to enclose the wretched of the isle,
Who forfeited, by actions much amiss,
The right to range this paradise of bliss.

Well sung the Roman bard, that Man should find
No alien to his heart in all his kind;
But better had he said, that worldly gear
No alien heart can find where Man is near.
Oh, who could deem, who ne'er the tale had read,
That for this castled isle brave hearts had bled!
That treacherous wiles had robb'd the rightful heir,
That lawless bands had seized his manor fair;
That he had fought and bled the tower to gain,
Which they had bled and perish'd to retain!

Look here, ye greedy tribe, who cross the seas
With hearts as hard and covetous as these;
Look here, ye Indian swarm, advent'rers bold,
And see how deep the sacred thirst for gold!
This tower were lesson fitted well for you—
But could I summon here a gentler crew,
I'd point to yonder low and lonely grave,
Close on the shore, beside the restless wave.

There lies an idiot boy:—in sorrow's hour
His mother rear'd him like a drooping flower;
She loved him, as the widow loves her son,
Her last, her parting pledge of ties undone,
And still, as childhood's years too swiftly flew,
She sat and wept his vacant eye to view;
She wept—yet hoped that time would change its strain—
She wept, to find that hope was all in vain!
In nothing froward, in no gesture wild,
Gentle and patient, he was all the child.
No force he knew so strong as her command,
No pleasure loved like her caressing hand,

And, still obedient, each revolving day,
Straight to the castle's gate he took his way:
There, as the menials bade, the wood he bore,
And drew the water from the river's shore;
Received at night the dole their kindness spared,
Nor e'er would taste it, till his mother shared.

Now should he rest, the day's light labour done,
Again to rise with morning's early sun
And ask his mother's blessing on his head
Before he creeps into his humble bed:
Why then unbars he slow the cottage door
To cross with even step the twilight moor,
His supper, yet untasted, bring away,
And to yon distant cot pursue his way?
He knocks—a damsel brighter than the rose
Opes the low door, and asks him where he goes;
And knows the idiot boy she saw before
When to the castle's gate her gifts she bore.
(For gifts are common in that distant land,
And greeting comes not with an empty hand.

See! how he offers kind the oaten cake,
Which the bright maid, unwilling, seems to take.
—Oh, how that eye can plead!—that vacant stare
That look'd on all alike in earth or air,
Now seems so eloquent its boon to gain,
It were a cruel heart could give it pain.
She breaks and tastes, returning him the rest,
And pleased he eats when she the meal hath bless'd.
And while the damsel turns the busy wheel,
Or trims the fire, or kneads the household meal,
He throws him down upon the cottage floor
To watch her eyes and gaze her features o'er;
Nor, till their hour of nightly rest is come,
Across the moor pursues his journey home.

The morrow's eve again the cot he seeks,
To see the maiden of the rosy cheeks;
Eats blithe the bread that she hath bless'd for him,
Tired, on the floor rests every wearied limb,
And then, the silent scene repeated o'er,
He treads content the long and homeward moor.

Ne'er from that hour he miss'd his evening way,
But clos'd like these each swift-revolving day,
And roaring wind, and cold and lashing rain,
Oft interposed their stern behests in vain.

And was this Love?—could this poor worm reveal
A passion the refined alone can feel?—
Yes, it was Love!—the purest and the best
Of all the kinds that fill the human breast;—
To give—was all the boon he sought to gain;
To look—the whole return he ask'd again.
He knew not if the maid were rich or poor,
He felt her dear—and had no sense for more.
Oh, what a soul were this, had Reason smiled
Upon the wanderings of this changeling child!—
Ah, what a heart was lost to love and light
When such a mind was sunk in starless night!—
He had not heard the Hebrew King proclaim
That many waters cannot quench the flame;
That 'twould but serve the smile of scorn to move,
To give the substance of his house for love;

That strong as death that bondage still could be
And cruel as the grave, stern Jealousy.—
All but the last he felt; as new from heaven,
The bounteous gift was pure and spotless given.
Unholy Jealousy first found its birth
In the foul paths of sin-defilèd Earth;
As the red canker nips the blushing rose
To blast the hour of bloom that Heaven bestows,
The one short hour that Man redeems from woe,
A gleam of sunshine o'er a waste of snow!—
—But yonder grave—all things must terminate,
And all men seal their fix'd and final fate:
Ah! happy those who seal their fate as well
As the poor changeling boy whose tale I tell!
Age did not close in grief his lingering breath,
Nor pain distress his simple heart in death—
One year beheld his guileless love arise,
And his freed soul transmitted to the skies.
In winter's cold the cot he still would find,
And scarcely felt the cold and biting wind,
Scarce marked his eye how thick the snow-flake fell
When on the path to her he loved so well.

One night his dame forbade—her hest he heard,
But wept till she the cottage-door unbarr'd;
Then from his cheek dash'd the full dropping tear,
And joyous flew across the moorland drear.
She could not see him weep—yet wept to mark
How thick the falling snow—the night how dark:
At each loud blast she fearful opes the door,
And strains her eyes o'er the deep-drifted moor.
No sound nor shape her weeping eyes can find
But the white snow-flake, and the moaning wind:
And hour by hour brings on the lingering morn,
Nor yet the Idiot Boy doth home return.

They search—they find where stiff and cold he lies,
His bed the snow, his canopy the skies;
And as in death his features smile serene,
Still in his hand the untasted bread is seen.
Ne'er such a smile he wore in life as now
Illumed his palid cheek and marble brow;
As though kind Heaven vouchsafed a parting ray,
Ere to its home his soul had ta'en its way;

Enough to thank the Author of his breath
That granted such a life and such a death!
And yonder 'neath that sod his grave is found
Without a stone to mark the lonely mound;
But if a flower to Innocence be dear,
Its gentle blossoms it should lavish here.

Ah, Reader, dost thou weep?—the drops are kind,
And as they fall, their own reward they find;
For you who weep not—would my rambling song
Had ne'er been seen by eyes and hearts so strong!
Far other mood is needful to enjoy
The simple story of the Idiot Boy!

WOMAN.

BY MISS POPPLE.

Ask ye what Woman was form'd to be?
Oh, woman was form'd to be fair and vain;
To sport awhile on the summer sea,
But to shrink from the winter-blast of pain.

To smile on Man in his hour of joy,
To weave for his brow the festal wreath—
But to flee from the storms which his peace destroy,
And to quail at the withering glance of Death.

No—Woman was form'd for a loftier sphere,
Nor pleasure to court, nor pity to claim,
But to rival Man in his wide career,
And to mount with him to the heights of fame.

To laugh at the spectre of Fear, and dare
To gaze unmoved on the sanguine field;
Man's valour and pride and ambition to share,
Nor in aught, save the strength of her arm, to yield.

Oh false is the notion that either extreme
Is the path which Woman was born to tread:
Her course is that of the bounteous stream,
As it calmly glides o'er its sparkling bed.

Though it want the strength of the ocean wave,
Nor whirlpool nor hurricane trouble its breast,
And it still flows on through the darksome cave,
As it flow'd through the sunniest vale of rest.

Yes—to Woman was given the two-fold power,
To gild with her smile the green vistas of life,
And when its horizon with tempests shall lour,
With that smile to dispel the dark omens of strife.

And though by her nature defenceless and weak,
She may ask the support of a manlier breast,
'Tis such as the tender vine may seek
From the stem by her faithful arms carest.

Then deem not that Woman was form'd to be
The toy of a moment, capricious and vain;
For bright as an angel of mercy may she
Be found by the wearisome couch of Pain.

And though with a feminine softness she shrink
From the toils which in this world Man's spirit may dare,
Yet stedfast as him may she stand on the brink
Of that which alike they hereafter must share.

EVENING.

Verses suggested by an hour spent on the Agger of Servius Tullius, in the garden of the Villa Negroni, Rome, January, 1834.

I.

O'ER old Albano's purple crest,
The sanguine plumes of evening rest,
Shreds of the glory from afar,
Where, reeking from his daily war,
The conqueror sun, reclined at length,
Welters in his fiery strength;
And lo! against that peerless light,
In contrast deep and definite,
Sublimely mass'd in shadowy power,
Rise hallow'd Mary's domes and tower,
Crowning the gentle valley laid
In solemn unity of shade.

II.

Now Night, the sweet spirit of Harmony,
Is winging her way to the eastern sky;
Softly, and yet at each delicate motion
She winnows a change over ether and ocean.
Like the last of an iris, the landscape lies blended,
Hue into hue, as her path is extended.
Azure and purple and roseate red,
And the deep soft green of the pine-tree's head,
She will cradle you all in her mantle of grey,
To bless with new beauty the kisses of day.

III.

Now swells the noiseless triumph; the accord
Of Nature's nightly chorus breathes abroad
Its musical silence, and the ravish'd ears
Throb with imagined voices of the spheres:
Yet hark! to earth one earth-born sound recalls;
'Tis the far fountain with its gurgling falls;
Charming the voiceless distance with its tone,
Unheard till now, monotonous and lone.

IV.

And now, since from this light so pale
Is skreen'd the outer world's detail:
Soracte's swell, Frascati's gleam,
The striding aqueducts are as a dream—
Turn thou, my heart, to heaven, and bless
That eye of virgin holiness,
Whose stedfast beams, so mildly bright,
Hallow each creature of the night,
Vesting the worthless wrecks of day
In robes of her own silver ray,
Till rugged bank and formless stone
Are things we love to gaze upon.

V.

For the spirits of beauty, at her command,
Catch gentle life from the beamy wand;
They couch in the light on the far grey hill,
They ruffle their plumes in the dancing rill,
They fold their fair wings over cypress and pine,
They gleam from yon nook like a lamp from its shrine.

And the pale grim marble they kiss and caress,
Till she borrows the smile of their loveliness.

VI.

Oh moon, oh night, oh tender hour
Of most concordant union;—as a dower
My passive soul is to your altar brought,
And my heart drinks its recompense of thought
From an invisible stream, deep, unsubdued,
Studded with memory's islands, hope-imbued,
Reflecting Heaven, and whispering to Earth
Of high affinities and deathless birth.

VII.

For now, if ever mortal may,
I feel the individual ray
Which, quivering from its source on high
Links me with Eternity.
I cannot die,—a power above
Tells me how limitless is love,
And the spirits of the perfected,
The glorified, the mighty dead,

Answer my heart's querulous prayer,
Hovering in the vaulted air.

VIII.

" Oh faithless waverer! could thine eye
" Pierce through thy gross mortality—
" Could sentient energies embrace
" The glories of our dwelling-place—
" Could the heart's darkness e'er supply
" One glow of this our ministry—
" Could faintest image be exprest
" Of the communion of the blest—
" No form exists which life may wear
" Of anguish'd flesh or heart's despair,
" Of all the execrated woes
" Which Time's black record could disclose,
" But, disenthrall'd, their burning chain
" As God's best gift you'd clasp again,
" And smile through years of tortured hours
" To win those everlasting bowers."

A DAY REMEMBERED.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. JOHN EAGLES.

HENCE, Solitude!—I would with life invest
And make companion of a weed, a flower,
To banish thee—late in thine inmost bower,
A solemn wood, I laid me down to rest,
Where, like a jewel on the brown Earth's breast,
Or the mild Star at Evening's silent hour,
A Primrose-tuft shone with a lustrous power,
Amid the twilight of that gloom unblest.

I had not converse held with thee, poor weed,
Had Laura met me there—her gentle feet
Charm wheresoe'er they move; and in my creed
Of Love, the loneliest spot wherein me meet
Is Fairy-land—and I the Guardian Knight
Endow'd with purest thought, and joy, and dauntless might.

COWPER'S OAK AND THE EMPEROR BUTTERFLY.

A FABLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

A Butterfly one summer's day
Sat on an old oak's topmost spray—
A Butterfly that but of late
Had left the chrysalis's state:
Emerging from that narrow room
Of sleep, imprisonment, and gloom,
For a brief space he flutters round,
Then settles on the verdant ground:
About impertinently stares,
And gives himself most mighty airs.
Ungrateful to his foster oak,
At length contemptuously he spoke:

" Huge mass of dingy brown and green,
" Thou ugliest tree that e'er was seen!
" With those gaunt arms that white and bare
" Thou raisest to the ambient air,
" Like mendicant whose shrivell'd limb
" Brings many a pity's dole to him:
" Thy trunk as hollow to my eye
" As Pride combined with Poverty:
" Thy foliage thin and poor, and then
" Upon thy side that frightful wen!
" I wonder what could make my mother
" Prefer thy oakship to another?
" When round and near is to be seen
" So many a tree, young, straight and green,
" I cannot think the reason why—
" I do not need a foil—not I—
" The peacock's plumage bright may shine,
" Yet it might serve as foil to mine!
" My wings are form'd to soar on high
" And emulate the azure sky!"—

Though oaks are not thin-skinn'd, we know,
A proper feeling yet they show,
As much as any other tree,
When treated with indignity—
So gravely thus our oak replied:—
" Gay insect, full of idle pride,
" Ungrateful dost thou scoff at me
" Whose leaves have fed thine infancy?
" Whose boughs protected thy weak form
" From piercing wind and angry storm?
" Ugly thou say'st I am, and old—
" And yet, if truth is to be told,
" Art here has spent full many a day
" To bear my lineaments away.
" Thou art an Emperor—idle name!
" Thy purple robes thy rank proclaim—
" *Alone* proclaim!—Thine empire, where?
" In earth, in ocean, or in air?
" The eagle rules the liquid sky;
" Wilt *thou* dispute his sovereignty?
" The lion reigns through Afric's groves,
" Where panther, leopard, tiger roves.

" The whale, whose power no fish can brave,
" Is autocrat in every wave;
" While aged oaks with giant stem,
" Upraise their leafy diadem:
" Oaks that for centuries have stood
" The mighty monarchs of the wood:
" Then give—no idle boast and vain—
" To man his empire o'er the main.
" Poor insect, though thy hue be gay,
" Perhaps a week, perhaps a day,
" Thou'lt live—a few miles round to soar,
" Then fall, thy little being o'er—
" While aged oaks, as ships, shall ride
" In triumph o'er the bounding tide,
" And, wing'd with sails, shall treasure bear,
" To distant ports from regions fair,
" Where'er the foaming billows roll,
" From East to West, from Pole to Pole!—
" Thy mother—dost thou ask why she
" Did not as cradle choose for thee,
" Some younger, straighter, greener tree?

" Alas! I speak with ruth and sorrow,
" They all may be cut down to-morrow.
" A mighty bard has giv'n to me
" From woodman's axe immunity;
" A Poet, of far different school,
" Has turn'd thee into ridicule,
" As making a wise man a fool!
" To boast of Cowper's praise is mine—
" To wince at Wolcot's lash is thine!
" Go!—I forgive thee—off—away—
" Enjoy thy very little day;
" Ere yet thy fleeting course be run,
" Show thy bright colours to the sun,
" Sport in his beam from flower to flower—
" Soon o'er thine eyes death's cloud shall lour—
" An age is but to me as is to thee an hour!"

BABYLON.

I HEARD of dwellings marvellous,
Reared up by men of old,
Of walls that rose three hundred feet,
And palaces of gold.
I said, I will seek Babylon,
That ancient city brave,
Whose myriad lamps are mirror'd deep
In the Euphrates' wave:—
And I will tread where those have trod,
That ruled a mightier age,—
The warrior Queen of Shinàar,—
The grey Chaldean sage.

Thou Hunter,* who dost climb at eve
The vault of Ether blue,
Whose starry dagger nightly gleams
My casement-lattice through,—

* Orion.

Guide me upon my wildering way,
Far over sea and land,
The ancient and untrodden hills,
The desert's lone grey sand,
To where thy golden bands were bound,
Thine earliest homage paid,
Where the first cities of the earth,
Cast far their awful shade.

I go not to the haunts beloved,
Where, many a cloudless night,
Thy flashing eyes have lighted me,
Beneath the laurels bright;
Where high above the wandering brook,
The rustling larch-boughs play,
And many a swift and startled plume,
Flits fast away, away:—
Nor where the wild South-wester's wing,
Like Azrael hath swept by,
And strewn along its fearful path
The forest-children lie.

Oh fair, fair, are the lands that rise
From out our ocean's foam,
And loveliest o'er the Atlantic wave,
Looks down our island-home!
But my sail is spread, and my heart is sped
To seek a mightier clime,
Where rest on the primeval rocks
The footsteps of old time;
And I am away to the mountains grey,
That see the unrisen Sun,
Beyond whose bound are the palm-groves found,
Of terraced Babylon.

My bark flew South! my bark flew East!
Wing'd by the breezes free,
The high Herculean pillars through,
That guard the midland sea:
Past those proud isles where once uprose
The banner of St. John,
And Adria's sapphire waters chant
The dirge of glory gone;

Where still thy towers, La Valette,
Rise round thy time-worn grave,
And tale of thee, L'Isle Adam,
Hallows the Rhodian wave.

My bark flew South! my bark flew East!
Borne by the laughing waves,
Past Ida's fountain-watered steep,
Past Etna's firelit caves;—
And Helle's surges washed her prow,
Or ere her sail she furled,
Beneath the olive shores that bound
That lovely Eastern world;—
Those lands where in the Earth's young time,
The age of gold roll'd by,
And the lost Eden's guarded gates,
For ever hidden lie.

Pale—pale, and with a waning light,
The Moslem crescent gleams,

O'er thy sad hills, Jerusalem,
O'er Israel's mournful streams;—
Where Angel wings have fanned the air,
And stirr'd the clear lake's breast,
And Heaven's own dwellers have come down
In earthly homes to rest;—
All things are waiting silently,
As lone night-watchers stand,
The coming of the Holy One
To His forsaken land.

I climbed the cliff—I crossed the rock—
I trod the deserts old—
I passed the wild Arabian's tents—
The Syrian shepherd's fold;
Behind me far all haunts of men,
Stretched into distance gray,
When spread before me, lone and wide,
The plain of Shinàar lay,—
The boundless plain of far Sinjàr,
Where long, long ages back,

Abdallah read the silent stars,
And wrote their mystic track.

Where art thou? Gem of the rich Earth!
City of far renown!
The glory of the proud Chaldee!
The green Earth's ancient crown!
Where lies the Lake that gleaming wide
Gave back thy hundred towers?
Where are thy gardens of delight?
Thy cedar-shaded bowers?
Where—where—oh! where rolls rapidly
Thine ever-flashing river,
Past marble stair and columned gate,
Guarding thy walls for ever?

There is no voice of gladness here—
No breath of song floats by—
I hearken, but the moaning wind
Is all that makes reply;

Solemn and lone the silent marsh
Spreads endlessly around,—
And shapeless are the ruinous heaps
That strew the broken ground.
Sadly, above huge outlines dim
Sighs the lone willow-bough,
The last—last voice of Babylon—
Its only music now.

Son of Mandana! by whose hand
The doomèd City fell—
The swift feet of whose soldiery
Climbed tower and citadel;—
Thou foundest mirth and revelry,
Thou foundest dance and song,
Thou foundest many a banquet fair,
And many a joyous throng,—
Like the Death-Angel camest thou
When men were care-bereft,—
And is this lone waste wilderness
All, all that thou hast left?

Oh! glorious were her Palaces!
Her shrines of fretted gold!
There rose the fane of Merodach,
The House of Belus old.
And busy life was in her streets,
Where countless nations thronged;
Light footsteps glided through her homes,
And mirth to her belonged.
But prophet-voices murmurèd
Even in her festal halls,
And Angel-fingers wrote her doom
Upon her palace-walls.

At midnight came the Persian—
Mingling amidst the crowd;
He heeded not the beautiful,
He stayed not for the proud:—
False was her fated river!
Helpless her Gods of stone!
He entered at her open gates—
He passed and she was gone!

Her place on Earth abideth not,
Memorial hath she none;—
Darkness and ruin thou mayest find,
But never Babylon!

I received this Poem, written by a friend of his, from Mr. Bernard Barton.—*Note by the Editor.*

STANZAS,

BY MISS RANDALL.

O BID me not seek the remembrance to banish
Of joys that for ever are faded and gone;
Nor tell me those visions of beauty must vanish
That once o'er my pathway so brightly have shone!

O wert thou but conscious how fondly I cherish
The thought of those joys that have long wing'd their flight;
Thou could'st not desire that the transports should perish,
Whose sole recollection is all my delight!

For often the heart, while in happiness glowing,
Sinks crush'd with the joys it hath pined to possess,
As Summer's warm sunbeam with radiance o'erflowing,
Is too bright to behold in its beauteous excess!

But Mem'ry's pure light, tho' less brilliantly gleaming,
Is the softened reflection of hours that have flown,
As the pale orb of Eve when in loveliness beaming
But borrows a lustre that is not her own!

THE WICKED NEPHEW,

A BALLAD.

I.

THEN slowly spake that ancient man,
For the shade of the tomb was on his brow,
" Castle and lands are thine, Nephew,
" For thou hast slain thine Uncle now.

II.

" Castle and lands are thine, Nephew,
" So high the hall, so broad the lea,
" When I am but a seely ghost
" There's room enow for thee and me.

" Face to face i'the hall we'll sit,
" Side by side we'll tread the lea,
" And aye by day and aye by night
" My sprite shall bear thee company."—

Then down he sank, that aged man,
And breath'd his last on the good green sward;
Nor yet a word his Nephew spake,
But wiped his life-blood from his sword.

All at the foot of the dodder'd oak,
And all between its roots so grey,
Strait and deep is the fox's cell,
I wist ye would not find the way.

There's blood upon the canker'd thorn,
And white, white hair on the clasping briar;
And there is one whose hands are foul,
And garment smear'd in gory mire.

And he hath bound him far away
From Norman forest dark and drear,
And join'd King William and his band,
Who soon for merry England steer.

And he against Duke Robert vents
Unseemly words of bitter wrath,
For that he lost his Uncle dear
By Normans in the forest path.

By Norman ambush, so he saith,
Yet doth not to the King complain;
And now his speech he doth deny,
And will not have it said again.

Now when they come to fair Hastings
He call'd to him his trustiest squire;
" Go, hie thee to thy Lady's bower,
" And tell her all she may require.

" For I must sooth to London wend
" With this my gallant company,
" Yet soon will kiss her dainty hand
" Within mine own rich Barony."

For Baron now in sooth was he,
And Lord of many a hill and dale,
Yet beareth him more like a corpse,
With haggard cheek so deadly pale.

He stares upon his frighted page,
And now he rocketh to and fro;
St. Edward! those are fearsome thoughts
Can vex the hardy warrior so.

His lady waits in castle hall,
For twelve months and a day are spent,
Yet never baron hath been seen,
Nor none may say which way he went.

For he is far beyond the sea
Wrapt in a palmer's gown so grey,
In holy land to cleanse his soul,
His vows to vow and prayers to pray.

'Twas on a summer evening sweet,
The Lady Maud from turret high
Espied afar a prancing train,
Their pennons waving in the sky.

" It is my Lord," she faintly cried,
" I know him 'mid a thousand peers:"
Then down she sank in deadly swoon—
He waked her, kissing off her tears.

" Ah why, sweet Lord, was I bereft—
" Why didst thou tarry far away:
" Dear heart, but thou art wan, sweet Lord,
" And thy fair hair is waxen grey."

"—Sooth, Maud, it is."—"But oh how changed,
" How dreary hollow is thy voice,—
" Waltheof, thou'rt ill, yet seeing thee
" I cannot, dearest, but rejoice."

He pressed her to his throbbing heart,
But quickly tore himself away ;
And clenched his hands and gnashed his teeth,
And drew his sword as if for fray.

" Avaunt, thou grisly doting fiend,
" And is my penance all in vain ?
" I saw thee on the drawbridge stand,
" And dost thou beard me here again ?

" Hah ! smil'st thou, mocking Pagan Shade ?
" Down to Valhalla or to Hell!—
" 'Tis Zernebock or Odin calls—
" Hark ! heard ye not that fearful yell ?"—

With that he shivered to the cross,
His sword against the turret wall—
Then o'er the battlements he sprang,
A hundred feet and more to fall.

Ah well away, thou Lady fair!
That aught so sad thy lot should be!
A murderer's widow to be left,
And such an end of love to see.

Now ere another sun arose,
A pale cold corpse that Lady lies—
And many a maiden tears her hair,
And wipes in vain her streaming eyes.

Yet weep not, maidens—blest is she,—
To her the kindest boon is given;
The sigh which closed her mortal woe,
Hath wafted her sweet soul to Heaven.

SONNETS ON THE SEASONS.

BY THE REV. HENRY ALFORD.

I.

WINTER.

HAD I the wondrous magic, to invest
Ideal forms in colour, I would paint
The Winter first, by an age-withered saint
Deep in his beads; on his bare ribs should rest
A cross of lichen'd boughs; and, duly prest
Each morn by horny knees, one for each bone,
There should be two round hollows in the stone,
Whither his bent limbs should be half-addrest.

And in the entry of the holy cave,
Where this same saint should sit, a rosy boy,
Naked, and all aglow with play and joy,
Should peer full slily on that father grave,
In the full blessedness of childhood's morn,
And laugh his crusty solitude to scorn.

II.

SPRING.

Spring should be drest in emblem quaint and shy:—
A troop of truant girls escaped from bed,
For very wantonness of play, should thread
The garden-paths: one tucks her night-robe high,
The dewy freshness of the lawn to try;
Some have been bolder; and unclothed and bright
The group is seen in the moon's yellow light;—
Some, scattered, gaze upon the trees and sky.

But there should be, that turn with hurried glance,
Beckoning their play-mates, where by a side-path,
Between the shrubs is seen to half-advance
The moody widow-lodger; who in wrath
Is sure to scatter all their stealthy play,
And they will rue it ere the break of day.

III.

SUMMER.

For Summer I would paint a married pair,
Sitting in close embraces, while a band
Of children kneel before them, hand in hand;
Healthful their cheeks, and from their mantling hair,
Well-knit and clean their downward limbs are bare;
His hand is past over her neck, and prest
In pride of love upon her full ripe breast—
And yet his brow is delved with lines of care:

And in her shining eye one truant tear
Stands ready to be shed;—a quiet scene,
But not without perchance intruding fear,
That never comes again what once hath been;
And recollection that our fondest toil
But weaves a texture for the world to spoil.

IV.

AUTUMN.

AUTUMN should be a youth, wasted and wan,
A flush upon his cheek, and in his eye
Unhealthful fire; and there should be hard by,
She that best loved him—ever and anon
Wistfully looking; and for pleasures gone
(So would I paint her) she should seem to sigh,
The while some slender task her fingers ply,
Veiling the dread that trusts him not alone.

But he, high-rapt in divine Poesy,
Unrolls the treasures of creative art,
Spells forming for the world's unheeding heart.
His very eye should speak, and you should see
That Love will brighten as his frame decays,
And song not fail but with his failing days.

STANZAS,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN ON THE SITE OF TROY.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.

THE lonely mound on which we sit
Was once a mighty town,
And Poesy encircles it
With glory and renown;—
And yet
The knowledge utterly has fled,
Where once the palace stood, and where the shed.

II.

We list not here the owlet moan
  From ruin old and grey;
By hoary moss we mark no stone
  Protected from decay:
All gone!—
Gone like the waking from a dream,
Or bubble burst upon Time's passing stream.

III.

That stream, impatient to destroy,
  Is ever hurrying by,
Bearing along Man's grief and joy—
  All, all is born to die!
Oh Troy!
Thine, thine is but the common doom:
On earth not e'en enduring is the tomb.

IV.

All dies?—Not all!—It is not true:
Though mouldering in the grave,
Yet Memory ne'er shall say to you,
Ye laurell'd wise and brave,
"Adieu!"—
Though Troy be vanished from her plains,
And gone her tomb—the epitaph remains!

V.

The "Star-y-pointed pyramid,"
The mausoleum's state,
Where Egypt's haughty kings are hid,
Shall fall to dust when Fate
Shall bid;—
Though low Thebes' hundred gates may lie,
They live in Homer's immortality.

VI.

For verse, immortal verse, belongs
To man's diviner part;
Her purer, more exalted songs
Speak to his soul and heart:
He wrongs
The Muse, who deems that Death and Time
Have power to triumph o'er her strains sublime.

STANZAS,

BY A. J. DE VERE, ESQ.

I.

For ever gentle, sweet, and lone,
Her voice, her step, her hand subdued,
She moves like one who ne'er has known
The changes of a human mood.

II.

The tender dawn of those fair eyes,
More softly breaks through tears unfalling—
Waking strange visions,—Memories
Of stranger date recalling.

III.

That shade which makes her face more fair,
  Seems slanted on her from above—
So pallid, pearly, faint and rare,
  A shadow from the star of love.

IV.

Say, has she loved?—In some far sphere
  Perchance she loved, and loved in vain;
And still in this cold exile here
  Forgets the cause, but feels the pain.

LINES, ON LEAVING ROME,

BY WILLIAM EMPSON, ESQ.

Ilex and Pine that darken on the heights,
Or shade the sepulchre of Rome, farewell:
Farewell, farewell, ye long Campagna lights,
Whose glory deeper glow'd as Evening fell.
Dread Alban Mount, divinest Nature's throne
Though bright with those immortal names of yore
Not one of all thy hundred tops had shone,
Take my last sunset look: we meet no more!
And Rome, thou giant shade, whose shiver'd form
Sleeps 'neath the grass-grown hills it once bestrode,
Thy dust, despite of tyrants, time, and storm,
Is holy still—it was thy son's abode.
Man and his words are nothing now to thee:
Leave then this breeze our parting dirge to be,
Sighs from the broken arch, and lonely cypress-tree.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN FOR A BLANK PAGE IN ROGERS' PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

SWEET o'er the care-worn soul to fling
A wreath of Memory's early flowers;
To lapse again into Life's Spring,
The sunny May of Hopes and Powers.

When wings the thought far, far away
To spots where merry childhood played;
We smile with those whose lips are clay,
We roam through mansions long decayed.

Now gazing on Hope's morning star,
Which gilds the laurel heights of Fame,
Now whirled in Pleasure's tinsel car
We wrap anew our souls in flame.

Oh then the thought "What might have been"
Comes o'er us like a withering blast,
To strip off all the rainbow sheen,
The angel visions of the past.

Yet but for this, ah! who may say
What follies would not hence arise?
Who would not dream a life away
If Memory were Paradise?—

SONNET,

TO MRS. ———. ON HEARING HER SING THE DUET IN ELFRIDA,
"CREDI LA MIA FERITA,"

BY THE MARCHESE SPINETO.

INVANO il crine lacerossi, e invano
Sparse la bella Dido e preci e lutto
E mostrò invano al crudo e pio Trojano
Cartago in fiamme, e il regno suo distrutto.
Il regio serto, e la regal sua mano,
Del più tenero amore i pegni e il frutto
Sprezzando Enea salvò. Da Lei lontano
Il Fato il volle, ed ei fù sordo a tutto.
Ma se di pianto invece avesse allora
Didone usato quel soave canto
E quel tuo stil, che anchè l' Italia onora,
In Cartago rimasto Enea saria
E il Fato e il Padre a Lei d' accanto
E Roma, e sè, tutto scordato avria.

STANZAS,

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQ.

Oh! that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true-love
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter,
Than any thing on earth.

A shadow flits before me—
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah God! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at Evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
In a wakeful dose I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes—
For the meeting of to-morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

Do I hear the pleasant ditty,
That I heard her chant of old?
But I wake—my dream is fled.
Without knowledge, without pity—
In the shuddering dawn behold,
By the curtains of my bed,
That abiding phantom cold.

Then I rise: the eave-drops fall
And the yellow-vapours choke.
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes—a dull red ball,
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,
On the misty river-tide.

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosseth here, it crosseth there—
Thro' all that crowd, confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call—
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet even-fall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old Manorial Hall.

Then the broad light glares and beats,
And the sunk eye flits and fleets,
And will not let me be.
I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
To some still cavern deep,
And to weep, and weep and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

Get thee hence, nor come again
  Pass and cease to move about—
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
  Mix not memory with doubt.
'Tis the blot upon the brain
  That *will* show itself without.

Would the happy Spirit descend
  In the chamber or the street
    As she looks among the blest;
Should I fear to greet my friend,
  Or to ask her, " Take me, sweet,
    To the region of thy rest."

But she tarries in her place,
And I paint the beauteous face
  Of the maiden, that I lost,
    In my inner eyes again,
Lest my heart be overborne
By the thing I hold in scorn,
  By a dull mechanic ghost
    And a juggle of the brain.

I can shadow forth my bride
As I knew her fair and kind,
As I woo'd her for my wife;
She is lovely by my side
In the silence of my life—
'Tis a phantom of the mind.

'Tis a phantom fair and good;
I can call it to my side,
So to guard my life from ill,
Tho' its ghastly sister glide
And be moved around me still
With the moving of the blood,
That is moved not of the will.

Let it pass, the dreary brow,
  Let the dismal face go by.
Will it lead me to the grave?
  Then I lose it: it will fly:
Can it overlast the nerves?
  Can it overlive the eye?
But the other, like a star,
Thro' the channel windeth far
  Till it fade and fail and die,
To its Archetype that waits,
Clad in light by golden gates—
Clad in light the Spirit waits
  To embrace me in the sky.

SUNDAY.

BY MRS. CHENEY.

'Tis sweet to hear the Sabbath bell
Sound thro' the cheerful vale,
Now rising with a solemn swell,
Now dying on the gale.

'Tis sweet to note the glad return
Of Heaven's peculiar day,
That early-blest time-hallowed morn
Which calls the world to pray.

Which gives a due relief from toil,
The daily task suspends,
Decks rugged features with a smile,
And care-worn brows unbends.

'Tis sweet to see both rich and poor,
With one intent combine,
And entering at that sacred door,
In prayer together join.

To see the hardy labourer lean
O'er his trim garden pale,
Whilst children on the village green,
The sunny evening hail.

And may all ye who rich and great,
See each successive day
Bring fortune's gifts to crown your state,
To *this* due homage pay.

Let quiet, rest, and charity,
  Your time, your bosoms fill—
Not she alone who *gives*, but she
  Who never thinketh ill.

Thus when that awful hour shall come,
  When time itself may pass away,
May ye behold your future doom,
  In one unclouded holiday.

STANZAS,

TO EDITH.

BY THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSEND.

HAVE ten years fled—of slow and fast,
Since in this lovely land we met?
All seemed as when we parted last,
The self-same looks are glowing yet.
No shade of time or dim regret
Is o'er thy playful features cast,
As if no tear their lids had wet,
Thine eyes laugh scorn on sorrows past.

Perhaps thou think'st the same of me,
  As touched by memory's murmur'd spell,
I sing the very song to thee,
  Which thou wert used to love so well.
The *mind*, how faintly looks can tell!
  How ill do outward things agree
With inward! How all things rebel,
  Which few can know and none can see.

I think of times when I could seek
  Vain sorrow as relief from joy:
When Poesy was wont to speak
  The pains and pleasures of a boy—
Pains which no hour of sleep destroy—
  Pleasures, Heaven-tinctur'd as the streak
Which, all unstain'd by Earth's alloy,
  Greets day on Skiddaw's snowy peak.

How lovely looks that rosy light,
Seen from the shelter'd vale below!
Allur'd, we seek the glittering height,
The beam is gone—but not the snow!
There Life's untrodden summits glow,
Thus Hope's first dawning rays invite:
We travel on—and find 'twas woe,
Which distance only made so bright.

Oh Edith, pleasant hours were they,
When first these mountain-vales I sought;
I seem'd to sweep the world away,
So hateful to my earliest thought.
And in its stead was Nature brought
Before me in her best array;—
Hearts that could feel, and looks untaught
To mask the feelings' native play.

For one glad moment I disown
  Time's empire, and those days descry,—
The next, I feel ten years are gone,
  Mark'd by the heart, if not the eye.
Though all around should wake no sigh,
  Ev'n though Experience had not thrown
The broken toys of childhood by—
  Yet Death would prove ten years are flown.

How many a gap his hand has made
  In the heart's chain! and one, the worst!
Each in the silent grave has laid
  A Sister! Ah, what links are burst,
When they the same fond bosom nurst,
  Who at the same dear knee had pray'd,
In childhood, are divided first!
  How Life's drear landscape sinks in shade!

Count years by agonies, perchance
'Twere centuries since last we met:—
But hush! I see thy chiding glance
Which bids me bear, tho' not forget,
And less what Heav'n recalls, regret,
Than by each vanish'd joy enhance
The treasures which time leaves us yet,
And brings as brighter years advance.

Trust not the poet's pensive line,
That Life can find no second Spring.
Kind Nature leaves us not to pine
Without one vernal offering.
New hopes shall each to-morrow bring
To those who can the past resign;
Round hearts bereaved new ties shall cling,—
And may thine own be blest as mine.

ON A PAINTING OF ZUCCHARELLI,

IN POSSESSION OF MRS. BATT, OF "NEW HALL."

A SONNET.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

WELL-SHADOW'D landscape! I could look on thee
For hours,—regardless of the storm and strife
And mingled murmurs of tumultuous life.
Here all is still as fair—the stream, the tree,
The wood, the sunshine on the bank: no tear,
No thought of Time's swift wing, or close of night,
That comes to steal away the long sweet light,—
No sighs of sad humanity are here.
Here is no tint of mortal change—the day—
Beneath whose light the Dog and Peasant-Boy
Come out, with looks and almost bark of joy—
Still seems, though centuries have pass'd, to stay.
Then look again, that shadow'd scene may teach
Lessons of peace and love, beyond all speech.

THE RIVAL SCULLS.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

" The Schoolmaster's abroad"—a pupil cried,
At Cambridge to the surly Doctor Mather.—
" Is he?"—the Doctor sneeringly replied,
" I'm glad to hear it, and I hope he'll stay there!"
Vain are the hopes of all such Doctors,
And old-school Proctors.

The owls and bats of Colleges, who laud
The good old times when all was dark and dull:—
The Schoolmaster's at home when he's abroad,
And so enlightens
With learning, logic, lore, the public scull,
That we shall soon be admirable Crichtons,

And all become such knowing elves,
That none of us will know ourselves!—

Our Schoolboys, making no apologies
For prating about all the "ologies,"
And letting us know that learned knowledge is
No longer limited to Colleges;
Draw Hop-scotch figures in the dirt
  By strictest rules of Mathematics,
And water in your face will squirt
  To show their skill in Hydrostatics.
If they break folks' heads with a stone, they tell 'em
  The surgical nature of the Pia Mater,
The cerebrum, occiput, cerebellum.—
If the stone is broken instead of the pate,
  They pick up a fragment, proceed to scan it,
And in geological terms dilate
  Upon quartz and feldspar, silex and granite,
By which the man whose head has been battered
Must doubtless feel himself highly flattered.

This March of Intellect scorns to stop
In cities and towns,
But over the meadows and fields must hop,
To surprise the clowns.
In almost every village
The humble sons of tillage
As naturally learn to speak
Of learning, as a pig to squeak;
For most of them have got an Athenæum,
Or else a wonderful Museum,
Cram-full of curiosities unique.—
Of such a one it was my Fate
Not long ago to make inspection,
And Candour forces me to state
That 'twas indeed a rare collection;—
There were bones of Mammalia
Brought from Australia;
Lavas thrown up from the jaws of Vesuvius;
A bronze Agnus Dei;
A pin from Pompeii,
And a stone from the temple of Jupiter Pluvius.

I can't tell the stores
Of fossils, shells, ores,
Nautili, Cyclades, Turrilites, Ammonites,
But I noticed Barytes
And Iron Pyrites,
With alluvial gold as a treat for the Mammonites.
In a case near the tooth of a young Hippopotamus
Was a skeleton Cat,
Who had squeezed herself flat
Thro' a hole in a wall, where it seems she had got a mouse;
But could not get back,
So was starved in the crack,
And appears still to mew
This moral most true
To the Epicurean and gluttonous host—
" If you 're always *a-gobbling* you'll soon be a ghost!"

But what the Curator considered a greater
Treat than the whole of his specimens rare,
Was the genuine head, with its skin and its hair,
Of Oliver Cromwell, the famous Dictator,
And truculent regicide Decapitator.

With a satisfied air he exclaimed—" Look ye there!
" There's the wart on his cheek.—Now all writers depose
" That he had such a wart on the side of his nose,
" Which proves that this skull is no matter of fiction,
" But his genuine head beyond all contradiction."
" Hold, hold"—said I—" a friend of mine
" Has also got a Cromwell scull,
" And proves it true and genuine,
" By vouchers numerous and full."
" And I distinctly recollect that his
" Is a much longer scull than this."—
" That," said the sapient Curator,
" Is no objection—none in Nature,
" For this one might have been his scull, in truth,
" When Oliver, you know, was quite a youth."

SONG.

BY A. J. DE VERE, ESQ.

I.

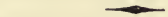
When I was young, I said to Sorrow,
"Come, and I will play with thee"—
He is near me now all day;
And at night returns to say,
"I will come again to-morrow,
"I will come and stay with thee."

II.

Through the woods we walk together,
His soft footsteps rustle by me—
To shield an unregarded head,
He hath built a winter shed,
And all night in rainy weather,
I hear his gentle breathings by me.

FAREWELL.

BY MRS. MYERS.



FAREWELL—sad word! whose magic power
Of pleasure cheats the previous hour,
Which doubly dear to parting friends,
Too swiftly flies, too quickly ends;
Parent of sighs, what sorrows swell
The breaking heart that bids "Farewell,"

What shivering chilness thrills the frame,
When by the taper's glimmering flame
We rise, and weeping meet the day
That bears us from those scenes away,
Where all our dearest pleasures dwell,
Pleasures we now must bid farewell.

Then the full heart attempts to say
Ten thousand things that die away
Unheard upon the faltering tongue;
Then o'er our weaken'd nerves a throng
Of fears, ill-boding, wildly tell,
We may for *ever* bid farewell.

Let those whose breasts have learn'd to glow,
With warm affection, teach me how
To paint the tumult of the soul,
When heavy wheels, with sullen roll
Of joy departed, sound the knell,
And bid us take a last farewell.

From each pale cheek the colours fly,
Tears tremble in each swimming eye!
By turns each offer'd hand we grasp,
By turns each much-loved form we clasp;
Whilst bursting sighs too plainly tell
The anguish of a long farewell.

But if you've shared the wanderer's pain,
Pity the wretched who remain!
Fix'd, on the lessening wheels they gaze,
Watch, where the road, with winding maze,
Conducts them near some opening dell,
Then weeping, breathe once more farewell.

Yet ah! where'er they turn their eyes,
Some fond remembrance still will rise!
The vacant chairs can e'en impart
A poignant sorrow to the heart:
Still on their ear the voices swell,
Which lately sigh'd a last farewell.

At length the long, long day is past,
And gentle evening comes at last!
Now simple wonder oft beguiles
The lingering hours, how many miles
The weary travellers may tell,
Since they at daybreak bid farewell.

But, soothed by Evening's peaceful calm,
New life, new hopes, their bosoms warm.
Fair truth unfolds the instructive page,
Her precepts every grief assuage,
Whilst of a brighter world they tell,
Where we no more shall say " Farewell."

ON A BIRTH DAY.

BY C. A. ELTON, ESQ.

Ask you on my natal day,
O Mary dear, a tuneful lay?
I am fall'n into the sear
And yellow leaf, O Mary dear.
If I once could touch the lyre—
(Weak the touch, and faint the fire,)
Now the touch would feebler grow,
Now the fire would fainter glow.

Time is ever on the wing,
Blighting first the human spring,
Stealing from the summer's bloom,
Deepening autumn's gathering gloom.
But if pleasures haste away,
And if hopes in buds decay,
Something shall at least remain,
Something time would scathe in vain.
What shall outlast each withering year?
The love I bear thee, Mary dear.

THE OATH OF HANNIBAL.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

It is the hour of praise and prayer,
In Carthage' holiest shrine,
And priests and augurs worship there,
With pomp and rite divine.
And incense flings rich wreaths of smoke,
And music blends its chime,
While Afric's sons the Gods invoke,
Own'd in that fiery clime.

And 'mid the pause of rite and song,
A warrior-chief draws nigh;
And hurrying through the priestly throng,
With ardent step and eye,
He leads a stripling by the hand,
The hope of all his line,
And hasting through the fane, they stand
Before its inmost shrine.

That aged warrior comes with joy
A dreadful vow to make;
And offers up his gallant boy
For his loved country's sake.
The youth an equal ardour shares,
An equal courage shows;
And on his country's altars swears
Death to his country's foes.

With fearless mind and look severe
The youth hath pledged his troth;
And proudly calls on men to hear
And Gods to mark the oath!
He vows while life's warm current flows
Love to his natal home;
But deadly hate to all her foes,
And deadliest hate to Rome!

And did the youth obedience yield
To what he swore that day?
Go ask at Thrasymene's field,
Or Cannæ's fatal fray!
And long have Roman matrons wept,
The oath he proffers now;
So deeply sworn, so truly kept,
Was Hannibal's dark vow.

HUNTING SONG.

HARK, hark, to hound and horn,
Through the green wood ringing!
Far away o'er brake and burn,
The buck is springing;
One bound from the coppice hath set him free—
Alas! 'tis a dear bought liberty!

Hark, hark, the thundering tread!
Now the chase is burning;
Far and wide the hunters spread,
Vale and upland spurning;
Dumb is the hound and the bugle's breath,
Their voices are lost in the speed of death.

Hark, hark, the tuneful mort,
O'er the waters pealing;
Far away to bower and court
Welcome notes revealing.
Speed, gallants, speed, through the evening dew,
For a lovelier quarry is waiting for you.

PROLOGUE

ON THE OPENING OF THE ENGLISH THEATRE AT ROME, 1824.

BY H. GALLY KNIGHT, ESQ. M.P.

HERE on the spot that, ever dear to fame,
Retains the charm of Rome's immortal name;
Amidst the scenes that yet recall to mind
The lords of thought, the masters of mankind;
Where, on the breeze, a Virgil's strain we hear
And Tully's thunders burst upon the ear;
May themes of common life intrude a while,
And modern muses strive to win a smile?—
The splendid visions of the past suspend,
And, unreproved, their lighter graces blend?—
Yes, 'tis sublime o'er Cæsar's hill to stray,
And mark the wreck of empire past away;
To fill the Forum with a fancied throng,
And see the Roman Triumph wind along;

The very path by heroes trod to tread,
And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
Till, raised above itself the mind has found
A greatness kindred with the scene around.
But from the clouds we must sometimes descend,
Nature grows wearied and illusions end:
The thoughts of Rome are too intensely great
For mind of man to bear the constant weight.
From us the necessary rest receive;
To us your unenchanted moments give,—
Refreshing change dramatic scenes impart,
And Rome herself approved dramatic Art.
Here Roscius earned a fame,—to late renown
With heroes, kings, and statesmen, handed down:
Here, fostered by his master and his friend,
Did Terence write and Scipio's self commend:
Here Knights and Senators attention paid
To broader farce than Liston ever played:—
From self-reproach by such examples freed,
The boon we ask, be willing to concede!
On Rome bestow the day, nor yet refuse
Your evening leisure to the comic Muse!

EPILOGUE TO THE HONEY-MOON,

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF JULIANA,

ROME—1824.

BY H. GALLY KNIGHT, ESQ. M.P.

No doubt, from what you saw me in the play,
You fancied Sposo sure to have his way;
That I should prove a fond obedient wife,
And only ask to be his slave for life.
But now, reflect, the Honey-moon is o'er;
Reflect I only play'd a part before:
And know that soon or late, by force or skill,
Misused, triumphant, woman gains her will.

Sposo, like many another prudent man,
Had form'd a goodly, matrimonial plan;
A scheme to fix me on his own estate,
There, like his shrubs and trees, to vegetate.

I was to live by clock-work and by rule,
Walk in my garden; watch the village school,
See with delight my country neighbours' faces,
Nor dream of more amusement than the races.
But in a trice I wheedled him from home,
And here is he, and here am I—at Rome.
He came with thoughts sublime and notions vast—
We were to live and feed upon the past.
I heard him talk of Cæsar in his sleep—
The dead, the company he meant to keep.
And, as for lodging, in some ivied cell
With owls, and bats, and toads he thought to dwell.
One day I bore of Nibby's* odious chatter,
Then, with the Doctor's help, cut short the matter.
The Doctor's veto with my wish agreeing,
Applied without reserve to all sight-seeing.
Thus was I freed at once, and Rome became
Distinct from darling London but in name.
Shopping all morning! and such lovely things!
Cameos, tazzas, miniatures and rings;

* Nibby, a well-known Cicerone.

At Vespers* oft; St. Peter's is my passion;
You 've pretty music, and a world of fashion!
Or else I saunter with the troop equestrian,
Or about four on Pincio am pedestrian.
Each night a charming party. I declare
One might be just as well in Grosvenor Square.
To finish all, we hit upon the play:
And sweetly now fly time and cash away.
On earth a perfect bliss two seasons bring;
A Roman Winter and a London Spring.
Joys without end! for sadness not a cause!
And nothing left to wish, but your applause!

* St. Peter's at Vespers, and the walks on Monte Pincio just before dinner, were the fashionable lounge.

BROUGH BELLS.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, Esq. LL.D.

One day to Helbeck I had stroll'd
Among the Crossfell hills,
And resting in its rocky grove,
Sat listening to the rills.

The while to their sweet undersong
The birds sang blithe around,
And the soft west wind woke the wood
To an intermitting sound.

Louder or fainter as it rose,
Or died away, was borne
The harmony of merry bells,
From Brough, that pleasant morn.

" Why are the merry bells of Brough,
" My friend, so few?" said I,
" They disappoint the expectant ear,
" Which they should gratify.

" One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four;
" 'Tis still one, two, three, four.
" Mellow and silvery are the tones;
" But I wish the bells were more!"

" What, art thou critical?" quoth he;
" Eschew that heart's disease,
" That seeketh for displeasure where
" The intent hath been to please.

" By those four bells there hangs a tale,
" Which being told, I guess
" Will make thee hear their scanty peal
" With proper thankfulness.

" Not by the Cliffords were they given,
" Nor by the Tufton's line;
" Thou hearest in that peal the *crune**
" Of old John Brunskill's kine.

" On Stanemore's side one summer eve,
" John Brunskill sate to see
" His herds in yonder Borrodale
" Come winding up the lea.

" Behold them on the lowland's verge,
" In the evening light serene,
" Brough's silent tower, then newly built
" By Blenkinsop, was seen.

* Lowing.

" Slowly they came in long array,
" With loitering pace at will;
" And at times a low from them was heard,
" Far off, for all was still.

" The hills return'd that lonely sound
" Upon the tranquil air;
" The only sound it was, which then
" Awoke the echoes there.

" ' Thou hear'st that lordly bull of mine,
" ' Neighbour,' quoth Brunskill then,
" ' How loudly to the hills he crunes,
" ' That crune to him again.

" ' Think'st thou if yon whole herd at once
" ' Their voices should combine,
" ' Were they at Brough, that we might not
" ' Hear plainly from this upland spot
" ' That cruning of the kine ?'

" ' That were a crune indeed,' replied
" His comrade, ' which, I ween,
" ' Might at the Spital well be heard,
" ' And in all dales between.

" ' Up Mallerstang to Eden's springs,
" ' The eastern wind upon its wings
" ' The mighty voice would bear,
" ' And Appleby would hear the sound,
" ' Methinks, when skies are fair.'

" ' Then shall the herd,' John Brunskill cried,
" ' From yon dumb steeple crune,
" ' And thou and I, on this hill-side,
" ' Will listen to their tune.

" ' So while the merry bells of Brough,
" ' For many an age ring on,
" ' John Brunskill will remember'd be,
" ' When he is dead and gone,

" ' As one who in his latter years,
" ' Contented with enough,
" ' Gave freely what he well could spare
" ' To buy the bells of Brough.'

" Thus it hath proved: three hundred years
" Since then have past away,
" And Brunskill's is a living name,
" Among us to this day."

" More pleasure," I replied, " shall I
" From this time forth partake,
" When I remember Helbeck woods,
" For old John Brunskill's sake.

" He knew how wholesome it would be,
" Among these wild wide fells,
" And upland vales, to catch at times
" The sound of Christian bells.

" What feelings and what impulses,
" Their cadence might convey,
" To herdsman or to shepherd boy,
" Whiling in indolent employ
" The solitary day.

" That when his brethren were convened
" To meet for social prayer,
" He too, admonish'd by the call,
" In spirit might be there.

" And when the blithesome sound was heard
" Of birth or marriage peal,
" Some kindly sympathies therewith
" His opening heart might feel.

" Or when a glad thanksgiving sound,
" Upon the winds of Heaven,
" Was sent to speak a Nation's joy,
" For some great blessing given—

" For victory by sea or land,
" And happy peace at length;
" Peace by his country's valour won,
" And 'stablish'd by her strength—

" When such exultant peals were borne
" Upon the mountain air,
" The sound should stir his blood, and give
" An English impulse there."

Such thoughts were in the old man's mind,
When he that eve look'd down
From Stanemore's side on Borrodale,
And on the distant town.

And had I store of wealth, methinks,
Another herd of kine,
John Brunskill, I would freely give,
That they might crune with thine.

VILLAGE EPITAPH,

ON A DUTIFUL DAUGHTER, WHO DIED TWO YEARS AFTER HER FATHER, BUT IN THE SAME WEEK OF THE YEAR, AND IS BURIED IN THE SAME GRAVE AT BREMHILL.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES.

"Oh! Mother, I will rise and pray,"
With feeble voice she cried,
"For this, dear Mother, is the day
"On which poor Father died."

Faintly she spoke—she knelt—she pray'd,
Her eyes with weeping dim,—
And, ere seven days were past, was laid
In the same grave with him.

Oh when all worlds before their God
In trembling hope shall stand,
She shall awake from the same sod
And smile at his right hand.

THE DEATHS OF TRISTAN AND YSEULT.

BY MISS COSTELLO.

When Tristan was dying, he sent to entreat Yseult la Blonde to visit him, and desired his messenger, if she accompanied him, to put up a white flag, if not, a black. The treacherous damsel set to watch, deceived him in her report, and he died. According to the custom of chivalry, his death was immediately proclaimed in the city and on the port. Yseult landed, and hearing the fatal words, hastened to the chamber of her lover, and clasping his inanimate form to her heart, expired embracing him.

" Maiden, look forth,—far over the sea
" Does not a white sail gleam?
" Comes not Yseult and life to me,
" Or was it a fever'd dream?

' I look far over the foamy main,
' But no bark, no sail appears,
' Turn thee to rest, brave Knight, again,
' And dry those fruitless tears:
' Deem not Yseult yon storm would brave
' For him who has ceased to be her slave.'

" Maiden, 'tis true, since the fated hour
" When together we quaff'd the charmèd bowl,*
" Years have pass'd, and gone is the power
" That bound us both in sweet controul,
" Yet in our hearts there lingers yet
" One drop that bids us never forget:
" Tho' time and absence and fate combine
" The tend'rest thought of her soul is mine,
" To love like our's cannot be known
" Oblivion, save in death alone!

" Oh! to see that snow-white sail
" Would more than the leech's art avail—
" Look forth once more for the blessed sight,
" For these eyes are closing fast in night!"

' A bark comes onward before the gale,
' But no white banner is waving there,
' Black is the pennon, and black the sail,
' The colours of despair.
' Turn thee, Knight, to rest again,
' Thou sigh'st for Yseult la Blonde in vain.'

* The magic philtre, which was the cause of their love.

Then Tristan turn'd with a deadly sigh,
And clasp'd his hands in agony;
To Heaven his failing eyes he threw,
And murmur'd faintly a last adieu:
" Yseult!—is it thus we sever?—
" My love, my fate—farewell for ever!"

Along the shore is a mournful cry,
The crowded streets to the notes reply,
Widely spreads the solemn sound,—
" Tristan, of the Table Round,
" A brave, a noble spirit is fled,
" The Flower of Chivalry is dead!"

Thou trait'rous maid! yon snow-white sail
Should have told another tale.
Oh! had it gleam'd to Tristan's sight
His soul had lingered in its flight:
But, past the stern decree of fate,
Fair Yseult reach'd the shore—too late!
She heard the tidings so loud, so dread,
No word she spoke, no tear she shed,

But the flush died from her lovely brow,
And left it pale and cold as snow.

She hurried to the couch, where lay
The spiritless, unconscious clay;
Upon the yet unsettled face
Of pain and grief was left the trace,
As parting life's convulsive thrill
Sat on the pallid features still.
She gazed on that chill, passive brow,
And felt that all was ended now!
All their past life of love and care,
Their vain, wild dreams—extinguish'd there.
One sigh, one long, deep, mournful tone,
Told that the heart's sad task was done,
Its weakness and its misery o'er,
And lovely Yseult was no more.

Note.—The ancient romance of "Sir Tristrem" has engaged the attention of antiquaries and poets for a very long time. Sir Walter Scott perhaps first rendered the subject interesting to general readers, and M. Francisque Michel's valuable and learned work has lately recalled public notice to its merits.

TO A LADY.

BY THE REV. C. T. TENNYSON.

I.

FAREWELL! it is my parting hour:
Thy sister wends her way with me,
To spend far off, by land and sea,
Those first fair moons of peace and glee
That shine upon the orange flow'r:

II.

Fair Moons that guard those petals fair!
Full sweetly may ye downward shine!
Oh light us o'er the Ocean-brine
And wane not, on the winding Rhine,
Or where the Switzer's mountains are!

COMPLAINT OF A POET,

ON VISITING THE CUMBERLAND MOUNTAINS.

BY THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.

YOUR famed mountains seeing
With their names disagreeing,
I own is sufficient to anger a roamer;
From visible things
When an epithet springs
One does not expect just to find a misnomer.

True, the mighty Helvellyn
Sounds lofty and swelling,
As befits the old comrade of vapours and storms;
Ancient and awful
Are Skiddaw and Scawfell,
And their rugged names suit very well with their forms.

But Grassmoor, alas!
Never had any grass,
*White*side is *red* as the East before squalls;
I sought too great Gable,
But only was able
To see a huge dome like the top of St. Paul's.

On the *Styhead's* bare shelf,
Parson's Trulliber's self
Were cunning to catch a tithe pig by the tail;
You may look till eyes ache
For a stick on the *Stake*;
Plain sailing, alas, there is none on the *Sail.*

Don't expect in *High Street*
Shops and dandies to meet;
Ev'n a raven is scarce at that height in the air.
Dont think that *Fair Field*
Mangel Wurzel can yield;
A crop of good stones is all you'll find there.

Causey-Pike like the bridge
Of a nose rears its ridge,
While *Wry-nose* no bit of a snout is upraising,
High Hill is so low
That the floods o'er it flow,
But *Low-door* is a portal of height most amazing.

The Haystacks I own
Give some hint of a cone,
But those rocks so fantastic, the Lion and Lamb,
I rather should settle
Are a witch with her kettle,
Or that notable female, Beelzebub's dam.

But hold! you will cry—
" What if your own eye
" In viewing the mountains for wrong names have blamed them,
" Perhaps to another's
" Name and form seem twin brothers,
" And certainly seem'd so to those who first named them.

" Besides you, I ween,
" But on one side have seen
" Those mountains whose epithets wake your surprise;"
How natural in us
To make such a fuss
Because the whole world will not see with our eyes!—

TO A LADY,

WHO WHEN ASKED FOR A THEME PROPOSED " WRINKLES!"

BY MISS RANDALL.

WHAT! write upon Wrinkles, the subject's so strange,
That I scarcely know what I can say,
Since *lines* upon *lines* give so narrow a range
The art of the Muse to display.

That to you they are strangers may plainly be seen,
Or you ne'er could have asked such a lay,
But come let us try, and perchance we may gleam
Some lessons of good on our way.

By the hand of old Time, some few furrows are trac'd
With the point of his Scythe as he flies,
To remind us how sadly his treasures we waste,
How often his warning despise.

And some o'er the cheek of the young and the fair
Are by Vice or by Folly engraved,

As Beacons to Virtue to turn from the snare
That so many before hath enslaved.

In the deep lines of thought, on the brow of the sage,
Humility's lesson are given;
For the beamings of Light on Philosophy's page
Are but sparks that are borrow'd from Heaven.

The iron-trac'd record of sorrow and care
That furrow the brow and the heart;
Oh these are the deepest, the hardest to bear,
Yet they too instruction impart!

For Mercy's own hand hath inflicted the wound,
And shall we not bow to *His* rod,
Who thus minds us that Happiness only is found
On his bosom, our Father, our God?

Thus 'tis *not* mid the Whirlpools of Folly or Vice
That Wisdom's best lessons are given;
Beneath Sorrow's dark wave lies that "pearl of great price,"
That shall win us our portion in Heaven!

LUTHER'S PARENTS.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, ESQ.

John Luther. I left thee, Margaretta, fast asleep,
Thou, who wert always earlier than myself,
Yet hast no mine to trudge to, hast no wedge
To sharpen at the forge, no pickaxe loose
In handle.
Come, blush not again: thy cheeks
May now shake off those blossoms which they bore
So thick this morning, that last night's avowal
Nestled among them still.
So, in few months
A noisier bird partakes our whispering bower.
Say it again.

Margaretta. And, in my dream, I blushed!

John. Idler! wert dreaming too? and after dawn?

Marg. In truth was I.

John. Of me?

Marg. No, not of you.

John. No matter; for methinks some Seraph's wing
Fann'd that bright countenance.
Marg. Methinks it did,
And stir'd my soul within.
How could you go
And never say good-bye, and give no kiss?
John. It might have waken'd thee. I can give more
Kisses than sleep: so thinking, I heav'd up
Slowly my elbow from above the pillow,
And, when I saw it woke thee not, went forth.
Marg. I would have been awaken'd for a kiss,
And a good-bye, or either, if not both.
John. Thy dreams were not worth much then.
Marg. Few dreams are;
But . . . . .
John. By my troth! I will intrench upon
The woman's dowery, and will contradict,
Tho' I should never contradict again.
I have got more from dreams a hundred-fold
Than all the solid earth, than field, than town,
Than (the close niggard purse that cramps my fist,)
The mine will ever bring me.
Marg. So have I,

And so shall each indeed, if this be true.

John. What was it then? for when good dreams befall
The true of heart, 'tis likely they come true . . .
A vein of gold? ay? silver? copper? iron?
Lead? sulphur? alum? alabaster? coal?
Shake not those ringlets nor let down those eyes,
Tho' they look prettier for it, but speak out.
True, these are not thy dainties.

Marg. Guess again.

John. Crystalline kitchens, amber-basted spits
Whizzing with frothy savory salamanders,
And swans, that might, so plump and pleasant-looking,
Swim in the water from the mouths of Knights;
And ostrich-eggs off coral woods (the nests
Outside of cinnamon, inside of saffron,
And mortar'd well, for safety-sake, with myrrh,)
Serv'd up in fern leaves green before the Flood?

Marg. Stuff! you will never guess it, I am sure.

John. No? and yet these are well worth dreaming of.

Marg. Try once again.

John. Faith! it is kind to let me.
Under-ground beer-cascades from Nuremberg?

Rhine vintage stealing from Electoral cellars,
And, broader than sea-baths for mermaid brides,
With fluits upon the surface strides across,
Pink conchs, to catch it, and to light it down;
And music from basaltic organ-pipes
For dancing; and five faeries to one man.

Marg. Oh his wild fancies! . . . Are they innocent?

John. I think I must be near it, by that shrug.
Spicy sack-posset, roaring from hot springs
And running off like mad thro' candied cliffs,
But catching now and then some fruit that drops . . .
Shake thy head yet? why then thou hast the palsy.
Zooks! I have thought of all things probable
And come to my wit's end.
What canst thou mean?

Marg. Nay, I have half a mind now not to tell.

John. Then it is out . . . Thy whole one ill could hold it.
A woman's mind hates pitch upon its seams.

Marg. Hush! one word more! and then my lips are closed.

John. Pish! one more word! and then my lips . . .

Marg. O rare
Impudent man! . . . and such discourse from you!
I dreamt we had a boy . . .

John. A wench, a wench . . . . .
A boy were not like thee.
Marg. I said a boy.
John. Well, let us have him, if we miss the girl.
Marg. My father told me he *must* have a boy,
And call him Martin (his own name), because
Saint Martin both was brave, and cloth'd the poor.
John. Hurrah then for Saint Martin! he shall have
Enough to work on in this house of our's.
Marg. Now do not laugh, dear husband! but this dream
Seem'd somewhat more.
John. So do all dreams, ere past.
Marg. Well, but it seems so still.
John. Aye, twist my fingers,
Basketing them to hold it.
Marg. Never grave!
John. I shall be.
Marg. That one thought should make you now.
John. And that one tap upon the cheek to boot.
Marg. I do believe, if you were call'd to Heaven,
You would stay toying here.
John. I doubt I should.

Methinks I set my back against the gate,
Thrown open to me by this rosy hand,
And look both ways, but see more heaven than earth:
Give me thy dream: thou puttest it aside:
I must be feasted: fetch it forth at once.

Marg. Husband! I dreamt the child was in my arms,
And held a sword, which from its little grasp
I could not move, nor you: I dreamt that proud
But tottering shapes, in purple filagree,
Pull'd at it, and he laught.

John. They frighten'd thee!

Marg. Frighten'd me! no: the infant's strength prevail'd.
Devils, with angel's faces, throng'd about;
Some offer'd flowers, and some held cups behind,
And some held daggers under silken stoles.

John. These frighten'd thee, however.

Marg. He knew all;
I knew he did.

John. A dream! a dream indeed!
He knew and laught!

Marg. He sought his mother's breast,
And lookt at them no longer.

All the room
Was fill'd with light and gladness.

John. He shall be
Richer than we are; he shall mount his horse;
A feat above his father; and be one
Of the duke's spearmen.

Marg. God forbid! they lead
Unrighteous lives, and often fall untimely.

John. A lion-hearted lad shall Martin be.

Marg. God willing; if his servant; but not else.
I have such hopes, full hopes, hopes overflowed.

John. A grave grand man, half collar and half cross,
With chain enough to hold our mastiff by,
Thou fain would'st have him. Out of dirt so stiff,
Old Satan fashioneth his idol, Pride.

Marg. If proud and cruel to the weak, and bent
To turn all blessings from their even course
To his own kind and company, may he
Never be great, with collar, cross, and chain;
No, nor be ever Angel, if, O God!
He be a fallen Angel at the last.

(*After a pause.*)

Uncle, you know, is sacristan; and uncle

Had once an uncle who was parish priest.

John. He was the man who sang so merrily
Those verses which few scholars understand,
Yet which they cannot hide away, nor drive
The man from memory after forty years.

Marg. (sings) *Our brightest pleasures are reflected pleasures,*
And they shine sweetest from the cottage-wall.

John. The very same.

Marg. We understand them, John!

John. An inkling. But your uncle sacristan
Hath neither sword nor spur.

Marg. It was a sword,
A flaming sword, but innocent, I saw;
And I have seen in pictures such as that,
And in the hands of Angels borne on clouds.
He may defend our faith, drive out the Turk,
And quench the Crescent in the Danaw stream.

John. Thou, who begannest softly, singest now
Shrill as a throstle.

Marg. Have we then no cause
To sing as throstles after sign thus strange?

John. Because it was so strange, must we believe

The rather?

Marg. Yes; no fire was in the house,
No splinter, not a spark: the Virgin's chin
Shone not with rushlight under it; 'twas out,
For night was almost over, if not past,
And the Count's chapel has not half that blaze
On the Count's birth-day, nor the ball at night.
Ah surely, surely fare like our's sends up
No idle fumes; nor wish nor hope of mine
Fashion'd so bright a substance to a form
So beautiful .... There must be truth in it.

John. There shall be then. Your uncle's sacristy
Shall hold the armour quite invisible,
Until our little Martin some fine day
Bursts the door open, spurr'd, caparison'd,
Dukes lead his bridle, princes tramp behind.
He may be pope .... who knows?

Marg. Are you in earnest?
But if he should be pope, will he love *us?*
Or let us (O yes sure he would!) love him?
Nor slink away, ashamed? Pope, no; not pope,
But bishop (ay?) he may be? There are few

Powerfuller folks than uncle Grimmermann.
Promise he scarce would give us, but a wink
Of hope he gave, to make a chorister.

John. *If thou wilt find materials,* were his words.

Marg. I did not mark the words; they were too light:
And yet he never breaks his troth.

John. Not he:
No, he would rather break his fast ten times.
Do not look seriously .... when Church allows,
I mean; no more; six days a week; not seven.
I *have* seen houses where the Friday cheese
Was not (in *my* mind) cut with Thursday knife.

Marg. O now for shame! such houses cannot stand.
Prythee talk reason .... As the furnace-mouth
Shows only fire, so your's shows laughter only.
Choristers have been friars .... our's may be ....
And then a father abbot.

John. At one leap,
As salmon up Schaffhausen.
Just the same ....

Marg. Then ....

John. Ring the bells! Martin is pope, by Jove!

LINES,

ON LEAVING A PLACE WHERE ONE HAD DWELT MANY YEARS.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ.

THERE are some moments in each life
With strange and wayward feelings rife,
When certain words and certain things
Strike on the heart unwonted strings,
And waken forth some solemn tone
Their nature yet has never known:
And it is thus,—when from some place,
As from a long familiar face,
Though you may wish the chain to sever,
Still are you sad to part for ever.

Perchance t'was an unlovely spot,
Perchance too that you loved it not,—
Perchance that in that place had been
Dramas of many a cloudy scene,—
That there the first fresh tear was wept,
Or youth's impatient vigil kept,
That not a day you there had spent
Kept its unchequered merriment,
Mark't by the free heart's earliest throes
And chronicled by childhood's woes,—
Though soulless men may wonder why
You heaved the involuntary sigh,
And how the loss your soul oppress
Of that ill cherisht when possest,—
Yet when the thinking eye has cast
One look and knows it is *the last,*
And while that look is fixt behind,
In every melancholy wind
A myriad sorrowing voices come,
The sighs of a remembered home,
A long and terrible farewell
Pronounced by lips invisible:

When many an eye with rapture gleaming,
And many a smile with joyance teeming,
That may have saved you from despair,
Or lightened up your sojourn there,
By after-misery sorely tried,
In death embalmed and sanctified,
Have a new life within your brain,
And seem to gaze and beat again,—
Then thoughts of pain are all forgot,
And pleasure's memory passes not;
Yet this by some distortion strange
Its very being fain must change
And dim with gloom that parting hour,
Using a stern reflective power,
As the low trembling spirit strays
Amid the smiles of other days.

These are the *eras* of Existence,
The seasons these when all resistance
To times and fates must ever seem
A futile unconsoling dream.—

So much of life, we feel, is past
When e'er we murmur forth " the last,"
So nearer are we to the shore
Where time and things of time are o'er,
Where all is Present, and the Past
Of aught can never be the Last.

SONNET,

BY THE REV. C. STRONG.

I THANK them for their work, the pious dead
Who, strong in faith, this sacred pile begun,
Each Sire, through ages, leaving to his Son
The growing walls, till all was perfected.
Here, in these echoing aisles sublime be read
The Scriptures, here God's grace be sought and won,
Not in that curtain'd nook, as if to shun
The gaze of men, and stint the living bread:
Summon thy Preachers, those of loftiest mood,
And from the lanes, and, from the highways brought,
At thy wide gates let in the Multitude;
Nourish thy Children as a Mother ought,
And thou shalt stand as Church hath rarely stood,
Based on the love of those whom thou hast taught.

BYRON IN GREECE.

BY C. A. ELTON, ESQ.

O THOU pure sky of Greece! most lucid dome
  Of all the heavens that makest the sapphire pale;
Within thy depths the mountain hath its home,
  Whose head is cleft by that disparting vale
Which Delphi's towers o'erlooked; O could I roam
  The craggy hollows of each upland dale
Where bursts the bay-tree, and, within the cave,
List the chimed echoes of its vapoury wave!

Then should those priestesses, that served of yore
  In temples of the Sun, the guardian maids
Of medicinal spells' and legends' lore,
  Threading with voice and lyre their altar's shades,
Or kindling turret-torch on sea-beat shore,
  Isle-nymphs or Syrens, but, in thy green glades,
As Muses known, all bloomingly appear
To unveil'd sight, with lute, and mask, and sphere.

And on their tongue a thousand thrilling tales
  Should dwell, and glorious shapes around them throng,
Barbaric warriors in their brazen mails,
  And queens, half goddesses, should haste along;
Ulysses reef his tempest-shattered sails,
  And Circe warble her enchanted song:
Mother of old romance! O fancy's child!
Fain I would catch those numbers quaint and wild!—

As he had caught them who by moonlight lay
  Half up the sacred hill; when beauty smote
His vision, moulded of the lunar ray,
  And sighs, and murmur'd kisses nigh would float
Warm-breathing in his ear; in that soft day
  Shone pearly smiles, and looks that made him doat
Almost in dreamy madness, and leap wild
In his tranced slumber like a happy child.

He who beheld along that gloomiest vale
  Gigantic Gods, outstretched in mute despair,
Lie motionless, and scann'd the features pale
  Of ancient Saturn with his grief blanched hair,

And saw the brightness, as from brazen mail,
Shot by Hyperion through the dusky air,
When on the cliff he stood, and gazed below,
In ruth and anger of his passioned woe.

Such lays I would were mine; or were it given
To sing thee, Greece! upstarting from thy thrall;
By thy keen atagan the turban riven,
And Scio breathing from her bloody fall;
The Angel arm of Justice bared from heaven,
The tyrant trembling in his vacant hall:
The solemn hush'd suspense of patient earth,
And throes of Nations struggling to the birth.

Then would I snatch thy own Alcæan lyre,
And wake its chords to that immortal day
Which wrapp'd the Ægyptian prow in lurid fire:—
But none save He could build such lofty lay
Who chose for thee and with thee to expire,
Breathing too soon his lavish'd life away;
And fixing on the azure of thy skies
The last fond glances of his fading eyes.

And since to die, 'twere best he died with thee;
Thy cause has twin'd its laurel round a name
Which many a blight of cold severity
Had breathed upon ; nor intellectual fame
Could win for him a little charity,
Nor for some human stains forbearance claim;
And on thy lap he should have slept in pride,
Whose mother land a sepulchre denied.

Yet will the music of her stately tongue
Sound on for ever through his boundless verse;
Yet they who had his noble spirit stung
Received forgiveness as his keenest curse;
And if his strain the traitor despot wrung
The people's unbought tears bedew'd his hearse;
They saw against his dust the temple closed,
Where kings and slaves of kings in pomp reposed.

And it was fitting thus ; and with the free
His tomb should have been raised, and Theseus' fame
Received the generous stranger of the sea,
Who flung back on corrupted power disdain,

Opening his breast to wide humanity,
And claiming kindred with the few, whose chain
Their own nerved hands had snapp'd; and there his grave
He should have found with those he toil'd to save.

Yet deem not, tyrants! that his martyr's toil
Has wither'd like a crush'd and sapless leaf;
That he has left his print upon the soil,
To be out-trodden by the baffled chief,
In desperation of his fierce recoil;
There lives th' undying energy of grief
In each Helladian breast; there lives his flame
Of greatness, the salvation of his name.

THE DEPARTED.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

Much as we prize the living worth
Of those who, day by day,
Tread with us on this toilsome earth
Its devious, thorny way;—
A charm more hallow'd and profound,
By purer feelings fed,
Imagination casts around
The memory of the dead!

They form the living links which bind
Our spirits to that state
Of Being—pangless, pure, refin'd,
For which in Faith we wait:—

By them, through holy Hope and Love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal, and unseen!

For such " are like the stars by day
Withdrawn from mortal eye,"—
Yet holding unperceiv'd their way
In Heaven's unclouded sky;
The mists of Earth to us may mar
The splendour of their light,
But they, beyond Sun, Moon, or Star,
Shine on in glory bright.

In the brief world of chance and change
Who has not felt and known
How much may alter and estrange
Hearts fondly deem'd our own?
But they whom we lament awhile,
" Not lost, but gone before,"
Doubt *cannot* darken, Sin defile,
Or Frailty alter more.

For Death its sacred seal hath set
On bright and by-gone hours;
And they—whose absence we regret,
Seem, more than ever, OUR'S!
Our's by the pledge of love, and faith,
And hope of Heaven on high,
A *trust*—triumphant over Death
In immortality!

THE OUTLAW.*

BY THE LATE LADY NORTHAMPTON.

COME, sit within this dim alcove, where all the glare is lost
That from the festal torches' fire along the crowd is tost;
And if thou needs must know, sweet maid, what face the mask conceals,
And if thou needs must know what name my parentage reveals,
First swear upon this crucifix, which round my neck I wear,
That never shall thy faithful tongue the fatal words declare.—
And yet, though I would trust thee, dear, with life, and soul, and heart,
I cannot find the hardihood *that* secret to impart.
My name is long forgotten, or remains but on the grave,
Which tenantless my kindred raised, their house's fame to save.
And where shall I begin, sweet maid? for all my griefs arise
From one who was as fair as thou, but far more cold and wise:
For a long year my tale she heard, and seem'd as she approved—
I thought her coldness modesty, nor doubted that she loved.—
One night, when late returning from a friendly cup of wine,
I saw the light which should be quench'd within her window shine.

* This poem is founded on a Roman ballad of little poetical merit.

I saw her lattice open, and beneath the casement stood
The friend whom I had dearest held, the chieftain of my blood.
Had I believed that such a snake from such a house could rise,
I might have watch'd the traitor's steps, and guarded safe my prize;
But princely honour flourish'd in the branches of our tree,
And in each swelling vein I felt no traitor thence could be.
Two brothers watching stood apart, who, guarding him from harm,
By signal made of my approach, convey'd a quick alarm.
I fear'd them not, but question'd loud who dar'd the faith to prove
Of one whom all the city knew betrothed to my love!
Short question serv'd, short answer pass'd, my dagger-hilt was strong
I struck the felon on the face amidst his ruffian throng.
I would not he had died before his bloody mouth had worn
The deep disgrace of such a blow as ne'er his name had borne.
And then my faithful dagger, which had never known a stain,
Struck through and through the recreant's heart, and through an
through again.
A few short steps I saw him run, then springing with a bound,
He fell stiff dead and motionless upon the slippery ground.
I planted firm for my defence my back against the wall,—
I dealt my vengeance recklessly, expecting still to fall;
The guard came up, and pistol-shots along the night were heard,
But had I borne a charmed life, I could not less have fear'd.

I cannot tell their numbers, for I neither saw nor felt,
Invulnerable seem'd my arm, and deep the blows I dealt;
Till seeing where the gather'd crowd less thickly seem'd to throng,
I rush'd in frantic haste the empty midnight streets along.
From street to street, from turn to turn, at last I gain'd the port
Where Tiber's hardy boatmen to Ripetta's wharf resort.
And next, as though my worthless life were Heaven's peculiar care,
I found a friend who sheltered me, and gave me harbour there.
His boat was loaded with its freight, the Sabine shore to seek,
And ere the morning sun was high he loos'd her from the creek.
And while a favouring wind the sails right up the stream impell'd,
He comforted my wretchedness, and from despair withheld.
He gave me store of weapons good, of gunpowder and ball,—
He gave me all my plight required, whatever should befall.
And lastly, landing on the bank, he guided me aright
Into the forest wilderness, to save my life by flight.
'Twas little that I cared for life, and yet I would not die
A base and common spectacle to glut the vulgar eye,—
So in the forest wilderness a banish'd man I stood,
My only safety solitude, my only home the wood.
Lord, Lord, how dark the twilight closed, how darkly fell the night!
I would have giv'n my chance of life, could I have purchased light.

It seem'd the hours stood motionless, the sun forgot to rise,
To drive th' eternal darkness from the heavy cloudy skies.
At last it came, the slow grey dawn—and when the sun was high
I slunk into a darksome cave, to hide from every eye.
But yestereve, my love was blest, my hands no blood had shed,
And here I stood a murderer, from justice who had fled.
Yet still my soul no guilt confess'd, nor could I yet refrain
From wishing that the felon lived, to kill him once again.
And days to days were added, and the months began to pass,
My home within the darksome cave, my bed upon the grass,
Wild nuts and berries were my food, and pinch'd by hunger sore,
I often long'd the time were come to give the struggle o'er.
The winter's rain, the winter's snow beat cold upon my shed,
The stormy winds were pitiless, and whistled round my head;
And oft with racking pain throughout my aching limbs I found
How wretched is the outlaw's fate who sleeps upon the ground.
My tangled hair and bushy beard had overgrown my face,
And suffering left upon my cheeks its deep and hollow trace—
In rags my tatter'd vesture hung, my arms alone were good,
And daily as I polish'd them, they tempted me to blood;
Nay, start not, gentle listener, nor think me callous grown,
The only blood I long'd to shed was in good sooth my own.—

At last an armed band was sent, commission'd straight to take
The grisly wight whom some had seen to skulk within the brake.
I would their courage had been task'd to gain some nobler end,
Nor forced my hand to do them hurt, my freedom to defend.
Ten men they were, all arm'd, and skill'd their quarry's lair to find:
I stood to wait for their approach a mass of rock behind.
The friendly bushes shaded me, an aim I coolly took,
I shot the leader of the band, just as he cross'd the brook—
He fell his length within the stream, his followers turned back,
And through the green wood's wilderness I chose a farther track.
Their bodies lay unburied there, not one remain'd to tell
The place where by a single arm his slaughter'd comrades fell.
It was a work of butchery, but I was used to blood,
And well the fools deserved their fate, who such as me withstood.
I think the judge would scarce condemn, or call me guilty still,
I cannot see what guilt can be a murderous band to kill—
Yet though my deed was justified, before my eyes I saw
Writ on each tree, each precipice, the strict forbidding law.
'Twas all delusion if thou wilt, but it pursued me near;
I fled from it in vain, the words would still in fire appear.
From rock to rock, from hill to hill I ran, but still it came;
Still, traced on every cloud, it glared in characters of flame.

I cannot tell the period that in this new torment pass'd—
Sometimes I think that years on years their added burden cast.
I went at times to sleep in caves where memory pass'd away,
And woke in other countries far, 'mid paths unknown to stray.
At last a mountain lake I reach'd, a solitary spot,
But whence or where the waters flow'd the outlaw heeded not.
'Twas then in deep despair I thought to give the struggle o'er,
To throw life as a burden down, and fight for it no more.
Within the lake's deep waters, where in haggard guise I stood,
I flung my trusty burnish'd arms far o'er the tranquil flood;
And as the flood closed over them, my heart began to melt,
And on my pale and hollow cheek, long stranger tears I felt.
Beside the lake, upon the sod, in trance of thought, I lay;
From my oppress'd and aching breast, a load had passed away.
It seem'd as if an angry sky no more its terrors aim'd,
But me, a wretched wanderer, my guardian angel claim'd.
I long'd a human face to see, which long I sought to shun,
I felt as if my life anew its course had just begun,—
I ponder'd what I next should do, but ere my way I chose,
From the deep lake's entangled shore, a cry for help arose.
Oh, sweetly sounds the human voice, when long our deaden'd ear
No voice, save of the wolf and owl, has learnt to watch or hear!

Towards the thicket bank I rush'd, and piercing through its shade,
I found within its wilderness a little open glade—
And scatter'd on the shelter'd grass, a flock of sheep was there,
And struggling in the waters deep, a maid of beauty rare.
Again she cried for help, and sank—to help her quick I flew—
And soon in safety to the bank my lovely burden drew.
Long lay she there insensible, at last she oped her eyes,
And scream'd in terror, when she saw my wild and sad disguise:
I strove to calm her terrors, and my words were not in vain,
The maiden's courage seem'd revived,—she dared to look again,—
And spite of all my savage mien, her face less fear express'd,
Believing me no worse to be than wretched and distress'd.
" Poor man," she said, " if aught I have, or aught I am can aid,
" You shall not find your kindness saved from death a thankless maid.
" My master's sheep I may not give, but share my lonely meal,
" And how to prove my gratitude your prudence must reveal."
I told her that I wish'd to hide where I might see her near,
And pray'd her for a little space to speak that I might hear.
I told her that the wilderness had been my dwelling long,
And that it was a heaven to me to hear a human tongue.
She prattled on, and won me from the depth of my despair;
I felt that yet the world contain'd much that is good and fair:

From her rich master's board each day she brought me down a dole,
And softly from her artless lips the words of comfort stole.
" A lamb was drowning in the lake," she said, " when I beheld,
" And flew to save the creature's life, by prudence not withheld:
" Beneath my feet the ground gave way, I sank the waves beneath,
" And thou, good friend, wert there to save my struggling life from death
" 'Twas on the gracious Virgin's help I call'd in my distress,
" And present help was sent to me from the lone wilderness.
" Betake thee to thy prayers, good friend, she will not let thee pine,
" And if thy prayers are all too weak, they shall be help'd by mine,
" And if a careful messenger thy errand safe can do,
" And if an earnest advocate thy friends to ruth may woo,
" And if a faithful counsellor may help thee, thou shalt see
" Thy messenger, thy counsellor, thine advocate in me."

It matters not to tell the path, which, follow'd when begun,
Through this poor grateful girl's address my desperate cause has won
But though in Rome's proud city I might show my head again,
A prouder feeling in my heart compels me to refrain.—
Once more will I behold the haunts where my gay youth was pass'd,
Once more will look on these fair scenes, a moment, 'tis the last:
Once more beneath the covering mask I'll see the circle gay,
Where of the place which once I held all trace is swept away.

The fairest hand I'll clasp in mine, the gayest dance will join,
The loveliest face will gaze upon, that loveliest face is thine.
'Tis true thy brow is somewhat sad, thy cheek a little pale,
Yet in that face a sympathy has drawn me from my tale.—
No, no! the mask cannot be rais'd, the visage that it hides
Would blight thine eyes to look upon, those eyes where pity bides.
No, no! the mask must never fall, the ghastly face to show
Of one the world has long forgot, and thou must never know.
But if again the reeling dance thou wouldest lead once more,
And trace the whirling giddy round along the polish'd floor;
Again I'll clasp the fairest hand of all the crowd in mine,
Again the mazes intricate with nimble feet will join;
And if to-morrow's dawning light that takes thee to thy home,
Give leisure for the thought of him who there shall never come,—
Turn that kind thought into a prayer, such as an angel prays,
For thy mysterious partner's sake, that shunn'd his mask to raise;
Pray that the peace of Heaven may teach him calm his lot to bear,
Beneath St. Francis' weeds of brown, which by that hour he'll wear.

SONG.

BY S. AUGUSTUS O'BRIEN, ESQ.

I.

Nay, smile not thus, in other years
That smile had power to bless,
For then to share thy very tears
Was perfect happiness.
Think not I wish to ask again
What never more may be:
I would not give thy bosom pain,
But smile not thus on me.

II.

Thine eye 'mid crowds I will not shun,
I'll bosom my despair,
To think I am to thee but one
Among the many there.
I wish thy life one sunny dream,
From memory's winter free:
Oh be what I can only seem,
But smile not thus on me.

III.

Hereafter thou may'st find my heart,
Though wildly throbbing now,
Taught to perform its treacherous part,
And calm perchance as thou.
But while I yet the task must prove,
How hard, forgetting thee,
Oh bear with him thou once did love,
And smile not thus on me.

THE TOY OF THE GIANT'S CHILD.

FROM THE GERMAN OF CHAMISSO.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

Burg Niedeck is a mountain in Alsace, high and strong,
Where once a noble castle stood—the giants held it long;
Its very ruins now are lost, its site is waste and lone,
And if ye seek for giants there, they all are dead and gone.

The giant's daughter once came forth the castle gate before,
And played with all a child's delight, beside her father's door;
Then sauntering down the precipice, the girl did gladly go,
To see, perchance, how matters went in the little world below.

With few and easy steps she pass'd the mountain and the wood—
At length near Haslach, at the place where mankind dwell, she stood;
And many a town and village fair, and many a field so green,
Before her wondering eyes appear'd, a strange and curious scene.

And as she gazed, in wonder lost, on all the scene around,
She saw a peasant at her feet, a-tilling of the ground;
The little creature crawl'd about so slowly here and there,
And, lighted by the morning sun, his plough shone bright and fair.

" Oh, pretty plaything," cried the child," " I'll take thee home with me;"
Then with her infant hands she spread her kerchief on her knee,
And cradling horse and man and plough all gently on her arm,
She bore them home with cautious steps, afraid to do them harm!

She hastes with joyous steps and quick, (we know what children are,)
And spying soon her father out, she shouted from afar,
" Oh father, dearest father, such a plaything I have found,
" I never saw so fair a one on our own mountain ground."

Her father sat at table then, and drank his wine so mild,
And smiling with a parent's smile, he asks the happy child,
" What struggling creature hast thou brought so carefully to me?
" Thou leap'st for very joy, my girl, come, open, let us see."—

She opes her kerchief carefully, and gladly you may deem,
And shows her eager sire the plough, the peasant and his team;
And when she'd placed before his sight the new-found pretty toy,
She clasp'd her hands and scream'd aloud, and cried for very joy.

But her father look'd quite seriously, and shaking slow his head,
" What hast thou brought me home, my child?—this is no toy," he said;
" Go, take it quickly back again, and put it down below,
" The peasant is no plaything, girl, how could'st thou think him so?"—

" So go, without a sigh or sob, and do my will," he said;
" For know, without the peasant, girl, we none of us had bread:
" 'Tis from the peasant's hardy stock, the race of giants are;
" The peasant is no plaything, child,—no—God forbid he were!"

A FISHER'S SONG OF INVITATION.

Come, cheerful friend, away with me,
A sweet west wind is blowing;
A wholesome shade is o'er the lea,
The distant herds are lowing.
With limber rod and dainty flies,
Let us the smiling season prize;
For ah, there is no knowing
What may fall, or ere a day
Suit so well our skilful play.

Spring has donn'd her bodice green,
Though yet of palest hue,
Gemm'd with many a flow'ret's sheen,
All so bright and new.
Hark, from every brake and grove,
Inimitable songs of love,
Where every swain is true.
In fairest guise, with sweetest strains,
Nature wooes us to the plains.

Should the noontide's gladsome beam
All too brightly play,
And shadows trembling on the stream
Scare the startled prey;
Scholars we of Walton's school,
Seated by the glassy pool
Will charm the hours away,
While our grateful hearts shall bless
The Lord of Nature's loveliness.

For it is the Angler's joy
That his recreation,
Though it be a very toy,
Yet hath no vexation.
Wildest storm, and heaviest rain,
Can but urge him home again
To his occupation;
His walk the while shall work him good,
And sweeten temper, home and blood.

THE MERRY BACHELOR.

FOUNDED ON THE OLD SCOTCH SONG OF

"WILLIE WAS A WANTON WAG."

BY MRS. JOANNA BAILLIE.

WILLIE was a wanton wag,
The blithest lad that e'er I saw;
Of field and flood he was the brag,
And carried a' the gree[1] awa'.

And was na' Willie stark and keen
When he gaed to the weapon shaw;
He wan the prizes on the green,
And cheer'd the feasters in the ha'.

His head was wise, his heart was liel,
His truth was fair without a flaw;
And still by every honest chiel'
His word was holden as a law.

And was na' Willie still our pride
When in his gallant geer array'd,
He wan the bruise[2] and kiss'd the Bride,
While pipes the wedding welcome play'd.

And aye he led the foremost dance
Wi' winsome maidens busket braw;
And gave to each a merry glance
That stole awhile her heart awa'.

The Bride forgot her simple Groom
And every lass her trysted[3] Joe,
Yet nae man's brow on Will could gloom,
They liked his rousing blitheness so.

Our good Mess John laugh'd wi' the lave,[4]
The Dominie for all his lair[5]
Could scarcely like himself behave,
While a' was glee and revel there.

A joyous sight was Willie's face
Baith far and near in every spot;
In ha' received with kindly grace,
And welcomed to the lowly cot.

The Carlines left their housewife's wark,
The bairnies shouted Willie's name;
The Colley[6] too would fidge and bark
And wag his tail when Willie came.

But Willie now has cross'd the main,
And he has been o'erlang awa';
Ah, would he were returned again
To drive the doufness[7] frae us a'!

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[1] *Gree.*—Honour or preference.

[2] *Bruise.*—A race at a wedding, the winner being rewarded with the first kiss of the bride, and the first ladle-ful of broth.

[3] *Trysted.*—Met by appointment.

[4] *Lave.*—Rest.

[5] *Lair.*—Learning.

[6] *Colley.*—Sheep-dog.

[7] *Doufness.*—Dullness.

MAY.

A TRANSLATION

FROM SOME MODERN ALCAICS.

BY THE REV. JOHN FRERE.

HAIL, month of Beauty, dedicate to Song,
To Sports, and Wine, and festive Joy,
When the three Sisters lead along
The easy Dance with Cytherea's Boy.

Hail, pleasurable Season, and the Grace
Renew'd continual of the changeful Year,
Bursting afresh, new-born, upon the Race
That travels on apace, again to disappear.

In the first Age, the golden gladsome Age,
When the great Sun began his course,
With gentle Force his over-violence thou didst assuage;
And the hot Atmosphere with Glory clear.
Shot through, and Radiance new,
Thou didst subdue:
Then with an even Temper, year by year,
It was thy task to soothe the Winter drear,
And the kind Soil,
Productive without Toil,
By warm west Winds to cherish and to cheer.

Thine is the Season and the blessed Air
About the favour'd Happy-Islands blown,
Where painful Age, and Sicknesses, and Care,
And Sorrows are unknown.
Thine is the Breath
Whose Murmur soothes the Land of Death;
And stirs the dismal Cypress Trees, that move
O'er silent Lethe, in the silent Grove.

And, may be, when the End of Time
By Fire renews the perishable Globe,
An Atmosphere like thine shall robe
Our spiritual Forms, in the clear Clime
Of Earth recovering her golden Prime.

Hail, glory of the transient Year;
Glad is thy Prospect, and thy Memory dear;
Sweetly Thou dost record a vanish'd Age,
And that which is to come full sweetly dost presage.

SING TO ME A SONG OF HEAVEN.

Sing to me a song of Heav'n—
Sweet lady, sing to me—
For surely 'tis a heavenly voice
Which God hath given to thee.

Thou hast sung me many lovely songs,
Their sweetness charmed my ear;
But there was none that spoke of Heaven,
And 'tis such I long to hear.

" 'Twas but last night I dreamed of Heaven;
Oh how beautiful it seemed!
The tears will come into mine eyes,
When I think of what I dreamed.

" The lovely glorious things! I saw
The Angels round me move;
They seemed all made of sunbeams bright;
Their eyes were full of love.

" I heard them sing—oh such a song!
'Twas like no earthly thing—
As if their hearts ran o'er with joy,
And they could not choose but sing.

" How fair those Angels were! Methought
There was one had eyes like thee;—
Oh lady, sing to me like them;
Sing a song of Heaven to me!"

The lady looked upon the boy,
As he stood with upturned face;
His large dark gentle eyes up-raised
With a beseeching grace.

Those eyes with their deep inward light,
So earnest, yet so mild;
You would have thought his very soul
Sat in their orbs and smiled.

The lady looked and did not speak,
But she took him to her knee;
She prest him to her heart and wept—
Wept long and silently.

Then in low broken voice she said,
When speech at last was given,
" Oh were my heart like thine sweet child!
For of such as thou is Heaven!"

KING ALEXANDER III. OF SCOTLAND.

BY MISS D. M. CLEPHANE.

The King sits at his wedding-feast in Jedward's halls of glee,
While healths went round with beakers' clang and merry minstrelsy:
His youthful bride who sat beside shone bright in beauty's glow,
Then why should cloud of sadness shroud the bridegroom's careful brow.

He thinks upon his early love, the partner of his youth,
Her royal virtues, matron grace, her tenderness and truth;
And all the pledges of their love, that, to the grave gone down,
Have forced him seek another bride, for welfare of his crown.

That festive board graced many a lord of nobleness and worth,
But many a one was lacking now that used to share its mirth;
Who cold beneath the stormy wave in mortal slumbers lay
With good Sir Patrick Spens, who sail'd for fatal Noroway.

King Alexander strove to rouse his mind from all the train
Of thoughts for such a time unmeet, as saddening as vain;
His bride deserved a better cheer, and in his grief-worn breast
Her smiles at last rekindled love, a long unwonted guest.

The banquet o'er, the tables drawn, the revels are begun,
With dance and pageant gay and proud, the night is drawing on,
When lo! from out the mummers' band, that up the hall advance,
With scythe and hour-glass issues Death, and wooes the Queen to dance

Aghast with horror and affright, in wild confusion tost,
The place and presence all forgot, each heart in fear is lost;
The King alone, unawed, though chafed, bids seize that grisly form,
And see who dares by such device the festival deform.

The spectre shape was seen no more, and how it passed away
Of all the shuddering bridal guests no one could guess or say;—
Mid whispers and conjectures sad, the broken revels close—
The wise betake themselves to prayer, the thoughtless to repose.

It was in grey Dunfermline's walls, the King kept Lenten tide;
The year had not fulfill'd it's round since he brought home his bride.
To her he pledged his faith and word, that, whatsoe'er gainsay,
He would be with her at Kinghorn ere break of Easter-Day.

Loud blew the wind on Easter-Eve, the night came darkly in,
It seem'd a wild ill-omen'd hour a journey to begin;
But Knight, and Lord, and Priest have bent the suppliant knee in vain,
The King refuses to abide till morn return again.

King Alexander mounts his steed, his courtiers follow near;
But soon the monarch's headlong speed outstrips both groom and peer,
Yet on the gusts of howling wind his horse's tramp is borne,
As fast along the rocky coast he spurs towards Kinghorn.

The sound has ceased—the train alone pursue their weary way;
They reach the Castle of Kinghorn an hour before the day—
The Queen was o'er her absent Lord's forgotten promise weeping,
The warders on the castle wall unbroken watch were keeping.

Then drear forebodings rose at once to terror and despair—
O'er crag, and steep, and rocky path, all scatter here and there,
Till prone beneath the precipice, as dawn'd the weeping morn,
The Monarch's bleeding corse was found, a mile above Kinghorn.

With solemn pomp and sorrowing hearts his obsequies were held,
His funeral games were sadly play'd on many a bloody field;
And Scotland torn by civil strife, and prey to foreign foes,
Endured from that disastrous time an age of war and woes.

ON CHILDHOOD.

BY MRS. CHENEY.

SWEET Infancy! life's holiday,
Young Nature's freshest prime,
How lightly glide thine hours away
Unsullied by a crime!

Replete with innocence and joy
Thee harmless trifles charm;
No retrospective cares annoy,
No future ills alarm.

But short, too short, thy halcyon reign,
For fiery youth comes on,
With adolescent passions vain
To drive thee from thy throne.

Then Knowledge comes—but with her brings
The knowledge too of ill,

Whence every earthly sorrow springs,
Whence Death gained power to kill.

Yet held within sage Reason's bounds
The Passions useful prove,
Source of each charm that life surrounds,
Of Friendship, Pity, Love.

And may this gift of bounteous Heaven
(As to the happy few,)
Be in its mercy ever given,
Beloved Child, to you!

Then sheltered from each boisterous gale,
From rocks and whirlpools free,
Your bark of life may smoothly sail
O'er an unruffled sea:

Till you that blessed port attain
Where fear and danger cease,
And where in cloudless glory reign
Eternal joy and peace.

THE EAGLE'S NEST.

BY FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, ESQ.

These Verses were suggested by an Incident related in "Wild Sports of the West."

"SPEED hither, all my vassals bold,
"And in the brown rock's caverned breast
"Where yon huge fissure yawns, behold
"The ocean eagle's nest.

"The waves beneath in thunder fling
"One awful flash of angry foam;
"Above, with iron beak and wing,
"The Osprey wheels around her home:

" Five hundred feet of sheer ascent,
" As metal darkly smooth and bare,
" No jutting stone, no twig is lent,
" To help the cragsman there.

" Who boasts a fearless heart, and limbs
" Like the wild cat, or mountain roe,
" An eye that neither winks nor swims,
" Though the waves dance and shine below?

" Who in that rush and whirl and glare
" A pulse unhurried can maintain,
" And face yon Eagle's fell despair,
" With steady hand and brain?"

In air the chosen vassal stands,
Down swinging on his venturous guest:
Now, now he touches it, his hands
Scrape round the unprotected nest.

Up with the conqueror, in pride and mirth!
  Up with the rope, the prize is won!—
Won is it?—No—By heaven and earth,
  His task is but begun!—

With claws fast clenched and eyes that gleam
  Like lightning when it leaps from high,
The vast bird swoops with one long scream,
  Flung forward through the echoing sky.

But gallantly and cheerily
  The hunter shakes his faithful knife,
Then with strung arm and measuring eye
  Makes ready for the strife.

And for a moment, from between
  The covering wings of his wild foe,
His upturned face by all was seen
  Untroubled wholly cheek and brow:

But as the bold bird swept around,
And keener shrill'd its frantic shriek,
At something in the savage sound
The hunter's heart grew weak.

Those gloomy wings above him spread,
Cast, as he deemed, unnatural shade;
Whilst all about the eye-balls dread
Unnatural heat and brightness played.

Brave as he was, his mind unstrung
From early childhood ever drew
Omens from dreams, and blindly clung
To each wild tale that grew

On the night-covered mountain-side,
Dim shapes which lurk away from men,
Under the hollow mists that hide
The wailing stream and haunted glen:

Hence in that breathless interim
  Ere the knife fell, like withering flame
Each half-seen ghost and legend grim
  Across his spirit came.

His strained sense imaged that it heard
  The rocks with horrid laughter rife,
Whilst momently the demon-bird
  Grew larger into monstrous life.

Wild gibbering faces flickered near,
  Fantastic shapes convulsed the air,
A whisper glided round his ear,
  " It is a fiend—beware!"

Upwards he looked to the void heaven,
  And downwards on the dazzling main;
Whilst fiercely round and round were driven,
  The surges of his eddying brain.

He strikes at length, but on his eyes
  Danced giddily the white waves's gleam,
As the whirling rocks and the wavering skies
  Rang to the eagle's scream.

There was dread silence up on high,
  And the tall forms of armed men
Shone motionless against the sky
  For a brief breathing-time—and then

Huge frames of giant height and bone
  Reeled all at once like foundering ships,
Whilst a low half-unconscious moan
  Slid from their quivering lips.

Not idly from his comrades true
  Hissed forth that deep-drawn breath of dread,
For the stout cord was severed through
  To its last link of straining thread.

They fall together on their knees
With one short thrilling prayer for aid
To the good saints who rule the seas,
And the blest Mother-maid.

Then without words their task they ply,
Sick with alternate fear and hope,
Whilst the poor wretch instinctively
Clings senseless to the shivering rope.

But still it holds together, still
They lift him silently and slow,
Inch after inch with steady skill
Up from the depth below.

Hurrah, the arm of God can make
Frail thread as firm as iron bands;
His power forbids it now to break,
And safe the bloodless trembler stands

The agony of that affright
One awful sign remained to show,
His hair went down as black as night,
It rises white as snow.

SONNET

ON EAS FORCE, A CASCADE IN MULL, WHICH AT HIGH WATER FALLS INTO THE SEA.

BY THE EDITOR.

Where rears on high his giant bulk Benmore,
Frowning o'er blue Loch Tuath's stormy sound,
And nought of man is seen, far, far around,
Save some lone fisherman who plies the oar,
Or kelp's white-wreathèd smoke on Ulva's shore:
How do I love, stretch'd on thy grassy mound,
Eas Force, to watch thy foaming waters bound,
And listen to their wide re-echoing roar!

And while its loveliness the scene endears,
Teaching a sad and solemn truth, appears
Thy fall abrupt into th' engulfing sea;
For human life with all its smiles and tears,
Its follies and its frailties, hopes and fears,
Oft runs as headlong to Eternity.

BORJEWSKI.*

BY MISS RANDALL.

HARK! to the trumpet loudly braying,
Hark to the war-horse proudly neighing
Mid the battle's roar!
Now host on host is fiercely clashing,
And gleaming brands are wildly flashing,
All stained with gore!

Rise, rise, Sarmatia—for the foe
In countless numbers rushes now
To the deadly fight;
Be Freedom's banner now unfurl'd,
And Freedom's bold defiance hurl'd
At the despot's might!

* Pronounced *Borjeski.*

Who is he of the noble mien
Dashing the foemen's ranks between,
Like a meteor brand?
With swelling form and fiery eye
Shouting "For Death or Victory,
Our God and our Fatherland!"

Borjewski, long as Poland's name
Shall live in the deathless voice of fame,
Thy deeds shall be
Engraven on thy country's tomb,
Thy mem'ry hallowing the doom
Of her lost Liberty!

As foaming waves 'gainst the moveless rock,
Are Russia's legions in the shock,
To that fearless band;
While echoing loud Borjewski's cry
"On, on, for Death or Victory,
"Our God and our Fatherland!"—

Why checks the chief his coal-black steed?
Why droops his hand from the daring deed
He had sought before?
He turns him from the field of fight,
For Poland's star hath set in night,
To rise no more!

Hushed are the sounds on that battle-plain,
Save when the wailing moan of pain
Meets Pity's ear,
As some parting soul from a hero's breast,
Forsakes its home of cold unrest,
For a brighter sphere!

And where is he of the noble mien,
Who foremost 'gainst the foe was seen
On that dread day?
And where the friend that fought and bled
By Borjewski's side, as he onward led,
In the gory fray?

Aye! dash the tear from thy gushing eye,
'Twere vain to dream he will not die—
That ye must not part—
The victor hath pronounced his doom,
A traitor's death—a traitor's tomb,
For that brave young heart!

'Tis past—and on a distant strand
The exile from his own fair land
Hath sought repose;
But his spirit lingers where it stood,
On that gory plain dyed with the blood
Of his country's foes!

Now vainly in the festive hall,
Vainly in friendship's sweeter thrall,
He strives to quell
The torturing agony of soul
That brooks not rest—that spurns control—
Like the ocean's swell!

Noble he was, and pure of mind,
As woman gentle, and as kind,
Save when the thought
Of Poland's wrongs, and Poland's woes,
On memory's page tumultuous rose—
With anguish fraught!

But hark! again the trumpet's sound,
In echoes shrill is heard around,
At Freedom's call;
Sarmatia's chief hath grasp'd the blade,
Once more he stands in arms array'd,
To fight or fall!

Far on Hispania's bleeding land,
He heads once more his dauntless band,
Of the brave and free,
Fiercely they urge their gallant steeds
On—on to the charge—Borjewski leads
To death or victory!

The field is fought—the day is won,
And calmly beams the parting Sun
On the sleeping brave!
No more he wakes at the trumpet's sound,
In glory's arms he hath meetly found
A hero's Grave!

He hath pass'd away like the lightning flash,
Mid the thunder peal of the battle's crash
Hath his spirit fled!
But the meteor-light of his young career
Still hovers o'er the lowly bier
Of the mighty dead!

Peace to thine ashes! Lightly rest
The turf upon thy generous breast,
Thou young and brave!
Thou hast sought and found, on a stranger strand,
The boon denied in thy Father-land—
A Freeman's Grave!

TOWN AND COUNTRY,

A SONNET,

BY THE REV. JOHN EAGLES.

The City's full of death—dank Church-yard walls
And black processions. In the face of man
Care-worn 'tis writ, "Thy life is but a span!"
It cankereth Beauty in her painted halls.—
O, let me to the Forest! Nature calls
From her perpetual streams, that ever ran
With the same music since the world began,
And softest breath wafts every leaf that falls:
Still blest, for from their golden traceries,
Beautiful ever, beam all beauteous things—
And Life, awakening, on her green bed lies—
Upon old stems a greener leafage springs—
Trees wave their sun-lit arms, each twin'd in each,
And merry birds fly round, and gift them all with speech.

THE NINTH PLAGUE OF EGYPT.

ANONYMOUS.

DARKNESS is brooding o'er the mighty land
Of Egypt's kingly pomp, and mystic lore;
E'en from her laden ocean's merchant strand
To where the distant Nile's blue cataracts roar;
Thebes' hundred gates and Memphis' pyramid
Alike are darkly hid.

Silence is on the land; no busy hum
Of active life—no warrior's clanging tread—
No shouts from thronged processions mingling come—
No solemn chaunt by priestly voices led—
Darkness and Silence, twin-born sons of Night,
Their kindred sway unite.

And yet this is not night—night the calm rest
Of wearied nature; when we seem to hear
The measured heavings of her placid breast
In each low sound that dies upon the ear;
And wand'ring breezes and light shifting gleams
Tell that she sleeps and dreams.—

This is no healthful slumber—'tis a swoon,
A fearful swoon—a sleep as of the dead.
The pause of anxious fear, awaiting soon
The dimly-visioned object of its dread;
When the hushed bosom fears to pant or sob,
And the heart dares not throb.

And they, earth's human habitants, do they
Slumber in wonted calm? or do they share
In nature's agony of dumb dismay,
Th' expecting pause, and then the dark despair
When Morning came and went—Night passed away,
And yet there was no day!

They sit and move not—the young child hath feared
To move or cry, and silently hath died!
The mother mute and spell-bound hath not dared
To feed her first-born fainting by her side!
The son hath felt his father's sinking head
And hath not sought to aid.

They sit and speak not—love, compassion, plaint
Of fear or sorrow, all are silent there—
There are no words of trust to cheer the faint—
No whispered comfort, no soft voice of prayer;
For the thick darkness in their soul had dwelt—
Darkness that might be felt.

And whence the darkness? The sad troubled soul
Hath asked, and in itself hath found reply—
It is His will, who bids the Sun to roll
His car of brightness through the gladdened sky;
And He who spake the word, and there was light,
Hath said, " Let there be Night."

FROM THE PERSIAN OF SUZENO.

BY R. M. MILNES, ESQ.

Four things, O God, I have to offer Thee
Which Thou hast not in all thy treasury:
My Nothingness, my sad Necessity,
My fatal Sin, and earnest Penitence,—
Receive these gifts, and take the giver hence!

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

J. W. AND HIS SISTER.

How oft, sweet children! are ye brought
By fancy to the eye of thought!
Thou first, whose active feats express
The dawn of native manliness;
The boyish nature leaping out
In the bold step and frolic shout;
While yet in that soft eye of thine
There dwells a spirit more benign,
With smiles half-bashfulness, half-joy,
So coyly sweet and sweetly coy;
And looks of shy yet playful grace,
Dimpling that half-averted face.

Nor less, sweet babe! hast thou thy part
In the fond memory of the heart;
For thou hast many arts to move
And charm each secret spring of love.
The beauty of the summer skies
Has settled in those soft blue eyes;
The morning's first faint rosy streak
Has tinged with red that velvet cheek:
And in that placid face we see
The charm of infant dignity;
The sweet serenity of soul,
Where yet no waves of passion roll;
The calmness of the heart which seems
To dwell among its own pure dreams;
And which, as yet, of life hath proved
But this—to love and to be loved.
Yes, oft before my mental eye
Ye pass like fairy visions by;
But most does thought recall the sight
Witnessed one well-remembered night.

The boy beside the nurse's feet

Had ta'en that eve his lowly seat,
Calm and contemplative of mien,
With smile so cloudlessly serene,
And upturned look that sought reply
In that sweet sister's infant eye—
With air of pleased protecting love,
And conscious dignity, he strove,
By oft repeated word, to teach
The just-learned mysteries of speech;
Still mingling with his lore the while
The sweeter speech of look and smile,
The joyous laugh, the fond caress,
The name of lisping tenderness.
And she with answering love and glee,
Half-leaping from the nurse's knee,
As though another smile to claim;
While through her trembling panting frame,
Her little heart so spake and stirred,
That every gesture was a word;
Her eyes with laughing lustre glancing,
Her limbs all bounding, quivering, dancing,
In joy that knew not bound nor measure,

A restless ecstasy of pleasure.

Oh, who could gaze upon the sight,
Nor bless you with a dear delight,
And fondly pray that love like this
Might crown your after-life with bliss!
Full soon will passing years efface
The fleeting charms of infant grace;
And oft too soon will time destroy
Youth's airy buoyancy of joy.
But love is a diviner thing,
Unchanging and unperishing;
The purest relic left to tell
Of that sweet state from which we fell;
A foretaste of the joys above,
And sent from God—for God is love.

VERSES,

BY PROFESSOR SMYTH.

Oh, shades of the past! rise not thus to my view—
Ye are Sorrow and Pain—I would bid you adieu—
Oh, scenes of the future! approach not so near!
Away from my gaze—ye are Darkness and Fear.

Cease, cease, thou poor mortal! thy wishes are vain—
The future must come, and the past must remain;
Alas that thy cheek should thus change and look pale—
The present is thine—and it yet may avail.

SONNET,

ON SEEING A BEVY OF HUMMING-BIRDS IN A GLASS CASE.

BY THE REV. CHARLES TURNER TENNYSON.

For vacant song behold a shining theme!
These dumb-struck flutt'rers of the Indian land,
The colour of whose crests, sweet nature's hand,
Fulfils our richest thought of crimson gleam.
Whose wings thus pois'd, and balanct forth, do seem
Slender as serpent's tongue, or fairy's wand;
And, as by taper-light their breasts are scann'd,
Of lovelier golden light we cannot dream:

Oh me! how soon doth human death impair
The glossy surface of the fairest face,
In life, perchance, immaculately fair:
While these resplendent figures wear no trace,
(Bright-bosom'd and bright-crested as they are!)
"No soil or cautel," of the tomb's disgrace!

A THOUGHT

FROM LA BRUYÈRE.

BY C. A. ELTON, ESQ.

ENOUGH to be with her we love;
If lost in pleasing reverie,
If words are utter'd or are mute,
It is enchantment so to be.

If all our soul on her should dwell,
Or absent thought to trifles flee;
Enough—that she is at our side;
It is enchantment so to be.

Enough, to know that she is nigh,
To see her not, or still to see;
To hear her still, or not to hear;
It is the same, the same to me.

SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

BY G. F. RICHARDSON, ESQ.

Yonder in the distance, yonder
Lie the Valley and the Grove,
Where I fain would wish to wander,
Blest with home and those I love.
Whence I might look forth at leisure
To yon brighter, happier sphere,
Where the heart can know but pleasure,
Where the eye can shed no tear.

Yet that blissful spot Elysian
I can never hope to find;
Can not realize my vision,
Nor delight my longing mind.
Still, it seems, if no delusion
Mocks my eager, anxious thought,
Once in childhood's sweet illusion
I have play'd around that spot.

Nor can I refrain from feeling
There at last we meet with peace;
There our wounds shall find their healing,
There our bitt'rest sorrows cease.
There shall dawn a brighter morrow
And a better life than this;
Here are darkness, dreams, and sorrow—
There are light, and life, and bliss.

SONNET,

ON THE DEATH OF SIR WALTER SCOTT, SUGGESTED BY LINES IN HIS LADY OF THE LAKE.

BY THE EDITOR.

" HARP of the North, farewell: the hills grow dark,
" On purple peaks a deeper shade descending;"—
The tyrant Death, alas, is with them blending
Dread shadows, where no glow-worm lights his spark.
Alas, the minstrel-form no more we mark
That o'er that wizard harp erewhile was bending;
And to its sounds an inspiration lending,
To which Grace, Genius, Virtue loved to hark.

Harp of the North, farewell! again farewell!
For ever silent is thy sounding wire?
Of cold annihilation speaks the knell
Where heavenward points yon venerable spire?
No, Minstrel Spirit! thus its accents swell,
"Go, join in hymns divine the Angelic quire!"—

THE LAST REPOSE.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

Death o'er thy brow is life-like yet,
Thou fairest of Earth's fading flowers!
And thy pale lip can scarce forget
The smile it wore in joyous hours.

And o'er thine eyes the cold lids close
As softly in their placid rest,
As some meek infant's, in repose,
When slumbering on its mother's breast.

Thy polished cheek retains no tear,
No sigh disturbs thy quiet sleeping,
And though fond mourners gather near,
Thou canst not hear the voice of weeping.

Thy golden ringlets loosely spread,
Still tremble to the gale's light breath,
And though we see that life is fled,
We gaze and ask " If this be Death?"

And pause, lest with a step too rude
We break the silence round thee,
Or on the holy calm intrude
In which the hand of Peace hath bound thee.

Can this be Death? Oh who in sooth,
If this be *all*, would fear to die,
And change the feverish dreams of youth
To share thy deep serenity?

But thou through all the snares of life
A homeward path hast firmly trod;
And now, released from earthly strife,
Thy spirit finds repose with God.

ESSAY

ON MAN AND NATURE,

BY THE HON. SIR EDWARD CUST, K.C.H.

LORD! what is Man, that thou shouldst mindful be
Of the frail tenant of Humanity?
A creature formed but to endure the hour,
To grow like grass and wither like a flower;
A morning vapour and a passing shade—
To dust returning whence he first was made;
Endued with Reason—yet with Error bound;
Free in Intention—yet in Act unsound.
With Adam's penalty upon his head,
To earn with sweating brow his daily bread,
He toils to lift the tower to the skies,
And sinks the shaft to search Earth's mysteries;
Yet can his skill not stay Time's ruthless hand,
For constant Fragments press th' incumbered land;
Should he through Wisdom's pathways seek relief,
He finds much knowledge is increase of grief;

To compass Nature, Man can ne'er attain,
'Tis far too lofty for his feeble brain.

Nature explore with Microscopic eye,
See Order in Irregularity.
Apply the lens to works of human skill—
All is imperfect—rough—united ill.
Man fails in each comparison he brings,
E'en in his rivalry with meanest things.
Though science aid, and patient labour urge,
The stony Pier to breast the roaring surge,
Yet tiny insects can exalt with ease,
Enduring Rocks amid the boisterous Seas.
What, though the Vapour's breath, subdued by Man,
Reduces distance to the shortest span,
The Cloud, that glides where gentlest Zephyrs blow,
Outstrips its faint competitor below!
When Salts and Acids mix their turbid stream,
Explosions echo—Clouds obscure the beam;
Yet Nature's thunder mocks the feeble sound,
Whilst Nature's fires convulse the trembling ground.

Can Man be worthy his Creator's care
Whilst Myriads people the vast realms of air?
Number the starry spangles if you can,
For these proclaim the littleness of Man.
See countless orbs round countless centres move,
Yet beauteous order rules their paths above—
The Sun—the Moon—the Stars that deck the sky,
Assert the hand of the Divinity;—
Swayed by that Power supreme, their rolling spheres
Nor rust corrupts, nor lapse of wasteful years;
They glide obedient to their Maker's will,
On wings untired their Destiny fulfil,
Nor need a hope to animate their force,
Nor approbation in their finished course.

Lord! what is Man? Again the question scan,
And Faith replies—*Creation's Aim is Man!*
The Heavens and Earth like smoke shall pass away,
The starry courses lose their quickening ray,
Be folded up like garments worn with age,
And blotted out from the Celestial page.

Corruption's wasting Pow'r cannot controul
The life God breathed into the living Soul!
The awful Trump that tells Creation's doom,
Shall tear the Cerements, and shall burst the Tomb;
The Graves shall yield their renovated dead,
The conquered Serpent mourn his bruised head,
Whilst Death and Time to unknown fathoms fall,
And Man alone outlive the wreck of all.
The crash of Elements that rend the sky,
Awakens him to Immortality.
His mouldering bones shall hear the joyful sound,
Shall see the hosts of Angels throng around;
Those Heaven-born spirits—who, for ages blest
By ministrations upon God's behest,
Have daily grieved o'er Man's infirmity,
And gladly hailed returning piety—
Now bear his spirit through the realms of space
And robe with light the adopted Sons of Grace,
Whilst Cherubim the vocal chorus raise,
And welcome harps resound the note of praise.

These are thy cheering Hopes, Religion—these
Console our Reason and our Sorrows ease;
Though finite minds can little understand
The wondrous Pow'r of the Almighty hand;
Though Nature far exceed our bounded ken,
Chaos and Night at length must reign again.
But yet th' immortal Spirit shall endure,
For God has said it, and his word is sure.
The Universe shall end as't were a tale that's told,
But Man to endless bliss the Shepherd Christ shall fold.

IRREGULAR SONNET.

BY PROFESSOR SMYTH.

Ah! blest the Youth when partial Fortune pays
  The first fond Tribute which his heart requires;
Nor yet her tardy smile too long delays,
  But bids him live ere all of life expires.
Lonely and silent droops the Lover true
  Whose hopes have blossomed fair and then have fled;
As coldly meets the thorn our pensive view
  When fallen are the Leaves, the Roses shed.
Returning Summer with its earliest care
  The Leaf, the Flower may to the Stem restore.
The Lover's Heart—ah sure no second Fair
  Shall ever teach to bloom or blossom more—
Content if kind Regard that Heart may prove,
But never Bliss can feel—but never Love!

CHESS.

Oh Chess!—thou intellectual Game!
How much beneath this specious name,
Lurks there to foster and draw forth
Vexation, rancour, tears, or wrath,
Or jealousy beyond disguise,
When vanquished from thy board we rise?—
Tumultuous clam'rings for redress,
Oft close the silent hour of Chess,
Whilst all engaged (save when they win),
With thoughts to vengeance near akin,
Own as the bitter contest ends,
'Tis hard for rivals to be friends.

" My temper stands a game at Chess,"
Cries one—elated with success;
" 'Tis most provoking to be beat,"
Adds t' other—smarting from defeat.
Yet meant the victor not to crow
O'er humbled enemy laid low.
'Twas human nature; games, if won,
To all appear uncommon fun;
But once the tide of vict'ry turned,
Disgrace the only fruit we've earned,
Our feelings with our fate revers'd,
Small fun it seems to get the worst,
And poor diversion that our shame
Should but enrich a rival's fame.
Stand forth then—Amateurs of Chess,
I charge ye,—candidly confess
If thoughts like these your minds have cross'd,
When hard-fought games were won and lost.

Some, when they 're beaten, scarce allow
The wreath to deck the victor's brow,

But seek insidiously to prove
Success obtained by some chance move:—
Fortune was fickle—Fate perverse—
They never in their lives played worse—
Were half asleep—paid no attention,—
The whole an act of condescension,
While winning such a clumsy game,
Were subject—not of praise, but blame.
Others, their ill success excuse,
Ascribe it to mistaken views,
Urge distant schemes, which, long design'd,
To nearer dangers made them blind;
And thus, while deep-laid plots they formed,
Were in their very strong-hold stormed:—
Some slaughtered Queen—or captive Knight—
Or most egregious oversight,
Or faithful Castle, treason's prey,
Or—what you will—save want of play;
That truest reason few e'er plead,
On one important point agreed,
Whate'er the issue of their game,
To own no fault, to bear no blame.

Tho' fell disasters mark their course,
Not their's the anguish of remorse;
Tho' luckless every blow they deal,
No self-reproach the suff'rers feel,—
Capricious fortune willed it so,
And hence invincible the foe.

Yet all—ambitious of success,
By paths wide differing onward press.
Some timid Gen'rals scarcely dare
Adjourn to e'en the neighbouring square,
'Twixt dread of dangers full in view,
Of distant ills that might ensue,
Or hidden plots—they're so perplexed,
They know not where to venture next.
Debating thus, they look and linger,
Weighing each move with cautious finger.
That safeguard, which, at length withdrawn,
Discloses—what?—a valiant Pawn,
Advancing, no one guesses why,
Whether as champion or as spy.

Thus, innocent of plot and plan,
They march and perish, man by man,
Till mark the King in dismal plight,
Reduced, poor soul, to single fight;
Now forward urged, now backward driven,
No mercy shown, no quarter given,
Yet spared, tho' loudly death he ask,
Till tyrants find their sport a task,
And, 'neath the long delayed "checkmate,"
The humbled monarch falls prostrate.

But must we all at fortune's frown,
Thus tamely part with life and crown,
Waiting in helpless dread the blow
Which lays our honored Sovereign low?
No—some there be, a daring race,
Who deem timidity disgrace,
As on they rush,—their only aim
To fight and win a desp'rate game.
In counsel brief, in combat rash,
Swift thro' opposing ranks they dash,

While foremost in the bloody scene,
Behold their Amazonian Queen,
Who, dealing forth her fruitless checks,
Of ills domestic little recks,
Till sudden signals of distress
Recall her home from brief success;
For there, deprived of troops or guard,
There, by relentless foes pressed hard,
Invoking many an absent Knight,
Her liege exerts his feeble might,
Without allies the tide to stem,
Save scattered Pawns, and few of them.
One only Castle in his place,
Advancing now at Minuet pace,
Arrives to join the fun'ral train,
And mourn a helpless monarch slain;
Vainly his troops in distant clime,
Curse headlong zeal and wasted time,
And faults deplore, alas! too late,
Faults death alone can expiate.

True, some may deem such suff'rings vain,
Such triumphs view with cold disdain,
Yet one conclusion thence we draw,
An emblem, Chess, of sterner war;
Its course with fearful ravage fraught,
Its mimic fame, as dearly bought,
Scarce less the evils that arise
From ill-concerted enterprise,
Whilst hope as eager, pang as keen,
Attend and terminate the scene.
When Kings their life and glory yield,
A rival master of the field,
Too oft that rival vict'ry stains,
Exulting o'er a foe's remains,
And not content with conquest won,
Explains minutely how 'twas done.
Each move recounts, each practised snare,—
This twofold triumph's hard to bear—
All may be checked, outwitted, beat,
Why then add insult to defeat?

Yet some there are with temper blest,
Unmoved to stand the bitter test,
Should adverse stars and grim checkmate,
Their dearest hopes annihilate.
Foremost the victor's skill to praise,
No sneering doubts they envious raise.
From these, tho' few the games they earn,
E'en Science' self one art may learn,
And conqu'ring foes a pow'r confess,
Eclipsing all displayed at Chess.

OUR FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

FOUNDED ON AN ANECDOTE.

BY MISS M. L. BOYLE.

THE hurricane was at its worst,
The waves dashed mountains high,
When from a gallant ship there burst,
A loud and fearful cry.
The captain's son sat on the deck,
A young and lovely child;
And when they spake of certain wreck,
He shook his head and smiled.
Mid groans of care and deep despair,
And manhood's bitter tear,
That gentle boy, all hope and joy,
Betrayed no signs of fear.

A mariner, who strove in vain
To nerve his troubled soul,
Thought of his wife and babes with pain,
Nor could his fears controul,
Approached the boy, and with a loud
And almost angry tone,—
" Tell me," he cried, " art thou endowed
" With courage all thine own;
" Dar'st thou defy, or doubt the sky
" Hath power to overwhelm?"
The gentle child looked up and smiled,
" My Father's at the Helm!"

Oh, could we think as that blest child,
While wandering here below,
We should not dread the tempest wild,
The storm of mortal woe.
The waves of misery might dash
Above our little bark,
And human wrath, like lightning flash,
Then leave our life-track dark.

His soul all calm, no thoughts of harm
The Christian overwhelm,
Firm in the thought, with safety fraught,
His Father's at the Helm.

The youthful maid, whose early love
By man was ill repaid,
Begins the bitter truth to prove,
That earthly hopes must fade;
Or if her long tried faith be blest,
The proud and happy bride
Foresees no period to her rest,
While *He* is by her side;
Yet Death can part the fondest heart,
And sorrow overwhelm,
Still will she pray, in faith, and say
My Father's at the Helm.

The Christian parents who consign
Their child unto the tomb,

What, though they weep, do not repine,—
Hope penetrates their gloom.
Then let us man our souls to brave
Each trial that is given,
Nor murmur 'gainst the wind or wave,
Propelled by righteous Heaven.
Though times may change, and friends may range,
What fear can overwhelm,
If we but know, 'mid every woe,
Our Father's at the Helm.

A MESSAGE FROM THE MOON.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Founded on a thought which crossed the author's mind, while he was watching the great Eclipse of the Sun, May 15th, 1836.

The Evening Star peeped forth at Noon,
To learn what ail'd the Sun, her sire,
When lo! the blank and blindfold Moon,
Plunging her shadow through his fire,
Of ray by ray his orb bereft,
Till but one slender curve was left,
And that seem'd trembling to expire,

The sickening atmosphere grew dim,
A faint chill breeze crept over all,
As in a swoon, when objects swim
Away from sight,—a thickening pall
Of horror, boding worse to come,
(That struck both field and city dumb,)
O'er man and brute was felt to fall.

" Avaunt, insatiate fiend!" I cry,
" Like Vampire stealing from its grave
" To drain some sleeper's life-springs dry;
" Back to thine 'interlunar cave!'
" Ere the last glimpse of fountain-light,
" Absorpt by thee, bring on a night,
" From which nor Moon nor Morn can save."

While yet I spake, that single beam
(Bent like Apollo's bow unstrung)
Broadened and brightened;—gleam on gleam,
Splendours that out of darkness sprung,
The Sun's unveiling disk o'erflow'd,
Till forth in all his strength he rode,
For ever beautiful and young.

Reviving nature own'd his power;
And joy and mirth, with light and heat,
Music and fragrance, hail'd the hour
When his deliverance was complete;

Aloft again the swallow flew,
The cock at second day-break crew;
When suddenly a voice most sweet;—

A voice as from some higher sphere,
Of one unseen, yet passing by,
Came with such rapture on mine ear,
My soul sprang up into my eye;
But nought around could I behold,
No " mortal mixture of earth's mould,"*
Breathed that enchanting harmony.

" How have I wrong'd thee, angry Bard!
" What evil to your world have done,
" That I, the Moon, should be debarr'd
" From free communion with the Sun?
" If while I turn'd on him my face,
" Your's was o'ercast a little space,
" Amends already are begun.

* Comus.

" The lustre I have gather'd now,
" Not to myself will I confine;
" Night after night my crescent brow,
" My full and waning globe shall shine
" On yours—till every spark is spent,
" Which *for us both* to me was lent;
" —Thus I fulfil the law divine.

" A nobler Sun on thee hath shone,
" On thee bestow'd benigner light;
" Walk in that light, but not alone,
" Like me to darkling eyes give sight;
" This is the way God's gifts to use,—
" First to *enjoy* them, then *diffuse;*
" Learn of the *Moon* this lesson right."

SONNET

From the Italian of Bernardo Tasso.

Written amidst the ruins of Carthage during the period of his separation from his beloved wife, Portia, the mother of the celebrated Torquato Tasso.

By MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

August and sacred ruins that surround
Of ancient Carthage the deserted plains,
Amid whose loneliness remembrance reigns
Of deeds which fame and glory still resound!
Scenes of fall'n grandeur! hear the sighs profound
My heart pours forth amidst its bitter pains.
To her, my life's sole light, while war detains
My steps reluctantly from home's sweet bound.

Ah learn my feverish love, the pangs I bear
Of doubt and sorrow, and the sad delight
To spend in thoughts the day, in tears the night,
Objects congenial to my own despair!
I to your gloomy solitudes disclose
My soul's disquiet and my hidden woes.

VERSES FOR MUSIC.

By PROFESSOR SMYTH.

Yes—Brutus sighed o'er lost Phillipi's field;
Faint died the mighty Roman's generous flame;
Freedom and Rome he saw were doomed to yield
And virtue sunk, a shadow and a name.

But thou by holier thoughts refined,
Who feel'st the Day-spring in thy mind,
When comes thy hour of trial nigh
Shalt thou like hapless Brutus sigh?

Shall human Terrors thy lone Heart appal,
From the benighted Mind shall Hope be driven?
Sage! Patriot! Martyr! on—whate'er thy call—
Toil—suffer—die—and win thy promised Heaven.

TO A STAR.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to win it———
All's well that ends well.

Sweet, from the dark blue depths of yonder sky,
Gaze forth the beaming eyes of a bright star,
On me, with looks of love, where tangled lie
My paths of fate, upon this planet far.

On me! on me look down those eyes of light!
Let stern philosophy say what she will—
To feeling ever sweet, to fancy bright,
The dear delusion shall be cherished still.

Still unto thee, bright harbinger of joy,—
To thee, with hope refreshed, mine eyes shall turn,
With the same trust wherewith the Chaldee boy
Saw thy young light o'er ancient Niphas burn.

Oh, how I love thee! lamp-bearer of night,
How yearns my heart to win thee from thy sphere;
To hold near commune with those looks of light,
And dwell for ever with thine influence dear.

How vain! How vain!—'Twixt thee and me there lies
A deep, wide gulf, all trackless and unknown,
Thou throned in radiance midst the glowing skies—
I cast afar upon a world—alone!

In vain, thou glory of the night! In vain
I'd charm thee from thy sky, or fly to thee,
No wings shall bear me to yon starry plain,
Nor thou bow down thy beauty unto me.

It matters not! sweet star, still will I love,
Still watch thy rising fire with joy, and trust
Perchance this spirit yet may soar above,
To meet thy light when her clay chains are dust.

FIRST PART OF THE FIFTH BOOK
OF THE
ODYSSEY.
BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

AURORA, rosy finger'd, bearing light
To Gods and men, now left good Tithon's bed;
The Gods were met upon Olympus' height,
In solemn council—thund'ring Jove the head.
To them spoke Pallas, mindful of the plight
Of wise Ulysses, whom the earth thought dead,
But whom she knew against his will detained,
In flowery bands of bright Calypso chained.

" Oh Jove, and all ye blest Immortals, hear!
Henceforth no king shall merciful and kind
And gentle prove, but urge with soul austere
Imperious rule, for lo! cast out of mind
Ulysses; he who, as his children dear,
Loved all his subjects; still he lies confined
In fair Calypso's isle, his inmost core
Pining to touch his native land once more.

" Nor friends, nor well-oar'd galley can he boast
To cross the boundless main,—must he expire
A banish'd wretch? behold his son, too, coast
Blest Pylos and fair Sparta, to inquire
Among the leaders of the Grecian host
For certain tidings of his shipwreck'd Sire:
But ambush'd foes his hoped return await,
To glut at once their avarice, and their hate."

" What words," the cloud-compelling Jove replied,
" Are these, my daughter? whose was the device
But thine, to speed across the waters wide
Ulysses' son? Then let thy care suffice
Homeward the youth, inviolate to guide,—
But for his Sire, whom, potent to entice,
The nymph detains, thou, Mercury, my son,
Shalt hear my will, and see that it be done.

" Go, tell fair-hair'd Calypso our command,
That wise Ulysses reach his home again.
Led by no mortal, no immortal hand,
He, on a simple raft, with toil and pain,

The twentieth day shall view Phœacian land,
Where God-like people dwell beside the main;
They shall revere him as a guest divine,
And to his use a noble bark assign.

" With brass and gold the vessel shall they load,
And vestments add of purple, rich and rare;
More than the spoils of Troy would have bestowed,
Had he return'd his equal part to share.
Thus shall he gain at length that loved abode,
For which his heart is now consumed with care."
Thus Jove to Hermes spoke his mighty will,
Which Hermes, instant, hasten'd to fulfil.

The golden sandals on his feet he tied,
Wing'd and immortal, by whose aid he darts
Swift as the gale, o'er lands and oceans wide:
Then grasped the wand, whose magic power imparts
Sleep to the eyes of men, or, if applied
With other aim, the weary mortal starts
From deepest slumber; bearing in his hand
This rod, he lighted on Pierian land.

Thence from the mountain's top, with one light fling,
He touched the sea; and as upon the wave
The sea-gull hovers, dipping her white wing
From time to time, so too did Mercury lave
His brilliant pinion, till with easy spring,
He reach'd the distant isle, where in a cave
Calypso dwells; then, rising from the brine,
He sought the mansion of the nymph divine.

A fire of cedar, blent with frankincense,
Round the green isle its pleasant odour spread;
The nymph's sweet song beguiled another sense;
And as she sung, she wove the golden thread.
Above the illumined cave a forest dense,
Of cypress, ash, and poplar, reared its head,
Where hawks and herns amid the boughs build high
Their rocking nests, and sea-mews circling fly.

Round the cave's mouth broad vines embracing throw
Their tendrils, rich with many a clust'ring grape;
Four fountains here with crystal waters flow;
Together rise, but diff'rent ways escape;

There, in green meadows, scented violets grow,
While flowers and herbs, of ev'ry hue and shape,
Flourish uncheck'd: a God approaching near
Might well admire, nor deem Elysium dear.

Charm'd with the savage beauty of the place,
One moment Hermes paused; within the cave
The next he stood; Calypso knew the face
Of him she met; such sense immortals have,
Though far and long removed by time and space,—
But undiscover'd was the chieftain brave:
He, sitting on the shore, in melting woe,
Gazed on the barren sea, and let his tears fast flow.

The fair-hair'd nymph, when she had placed the God
Upon her throne of ivory, thus addrest:
" Say, now, mild bearer of the golden rod,
What happy errand gives me such a guest?
For none, till now, have more unfrequent trod
My cave; be frank, and tell me thy behest.
Whate'er it be, thy pleasure be the lord
Of all my pow'r; but first partake my board."

Then on a table spreading the repast,
Ambrosia, and red nectar, Hermes took
Refection suited to his length of fast;
Then spoke: "You ask me why I sought this nook;
Fair nymph, believe, not willingly the vast
Salt ocean have I traversed, where to look
For towns or hetacombs were vain, but he
Who rules Olympus issued the decree.

"His will to countervene no God can boast;
He bids me say that captive you detain
The wretchedest of all the numerous host,
Who for nine years beleaguer'd Troy in vain.
The tenth, the town destroyed, they left the coast,
To seek their long-lost homes across the main;
But Pallas, angry, roused the wind and waves,
And sent them wailing to their ocean graves.

"There all his brave companions died, but he,
Toss'd by the waves, was cast upon your shore;—
Dismiss him quickly hence; the Fates' decree
Has doom'd (nor seek the reason to explore)

That this unhappy wand'ring man shall see
His darling home, and household hearth once more."
Thus spoke the God; the nymph indignant heard,
And instant vollied back the flying word.

" Invidious Gods! with ever-jealous minds
You eye the Goddess, whom to mortal mate
The golden bonds of happy union bind.
Aurora, rosy finger'd, felt your hate,
When to the hunter her fond heart inclined,
Who in Ortygia met his cruel fate,
Slain by stern Dian's arrow; from above
Came too the dart which punish'd Ceres' love.

" Scarce in the thrice-plough'd field, Jasëon knew
With her the sweets of dalliance, when the power
Of Jove aroused, with yellow lightning slew
The youth; and now your jealousy must lower
On me, because too lovingly I view
The man whom I preserved in the dark hour
When Jupiter had cleft his bark in twain,
And 'whelmed his dear companions in the main.

" Sport of the wind and waters, he alone
Was cast upon a beach with dangers rife;
I saved, and saving loved him, nay, I own,
Promised perpetual youth, immortal life,
But if the God who fills th' Olympic throne,
Dooms his return, far be from me such strife—
Yet have I not the power with ship and oar,
Nor yet the will, to send him from my shore.

" Counsel, 'tis ture, I can, and nothing hide,
That he may safely reach his native land."
Thus spoke the nymph, to whom the Argicide:
" Dismiss him straight, nor brave the chastening hand
Of mighty Jove;" and having thus replied,
The God retired; Calypso sought the strand,
Where sad Ulysses sate from day to day,
Pining for home, and wept his life away."

* * * * * *

SONNETS

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE EDWARD SMEDLEY, M. A., CAMB.

BY THE REV. HENRY THOMPSON, M.A., CAMB.

I.

I SET no cypress on thy last abode,
Friend of my earliest, best, and happiest days!
But rather would I plant the solemn sod
With emblems bright of thankfulness and praise,
Violet and rose, whose fragrant bloom decays
In grateful incense to their author God,
And trustful hope again their heads to raise
From root ensepulchred in earthy clod.
Thus didst thou fall, in richest flower and pride
Of genius and of years; the fragrance pure
Of learning and example scattering wide;
Best sacrifice to Him who gave! "in sure
"And certain hope*" to rise beatified
In the Spring morn that ever shall endure.

* "In sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life."—*Burial Service.*

II.

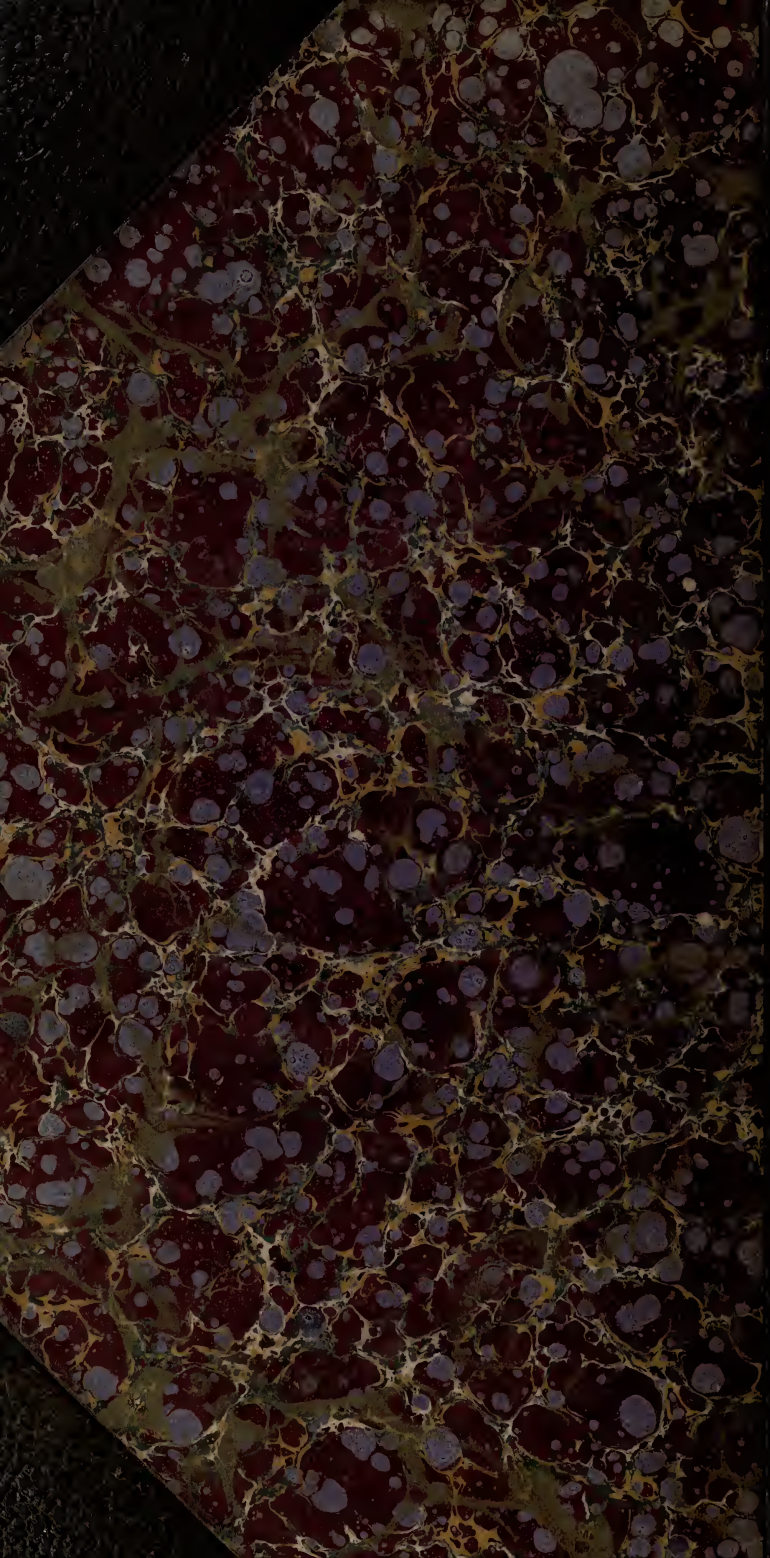
HAPPY in life and death, lov'd friend, farewell!
Happy in life! since life's severest woes
At Love's transforming smile in joy repose,
While health is sickness where He deigns not dwell!
Happy in death! for with the invisible,
With whom was here thy converse, God, and those
Who share his vision's bliss, thou dost unclose
The unbodied sense to words ineffable!*
Farewell a little space! Taught here how brief,
How insignificant the woes of time,
From Earth I hope not nor regret relief;
But, rising to thy hopes and aims sublime,
I'll trust to meet thee far o'er care and grief
In Love's own native and immortal clime.

* ἄῤῥητα ῥήματα, 2 Cor. xii. 4.

RECTORY, WRINGTON,
July 26, 1837.

LONDON:
C. ROWORTH AND SONS, BELL YARD,
TEMPLE BAR.

"That fortunate volume of miscellaneous verse printed for a charitable purpose which contained among other costly offerings, some of LANDOR'S subtlest and strongest dramatic work, the marvellous study, for one thing, of Luther's Parents; and what seems to certain readers the poem of deepest charm and fullest delight of pathos and melody ever written even by Mr. TENNYSON; since recast into new form and refreshed with new beauty to fit it for re-appearance among the crowning passages of Maud."—A. C. SWINBURNE (in the Academy, Jan. 29th, 1876). It contains also two pieces by the poet's brother Charles; "To a Lady" and "Sonnets on some Humming Birds."

1837

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